

52

The Sacred Minstrel.





*PRIVATE LIBRARY*

OF

J. D. HARTZLER

*Book No.*.....

*Dept.*.....

4

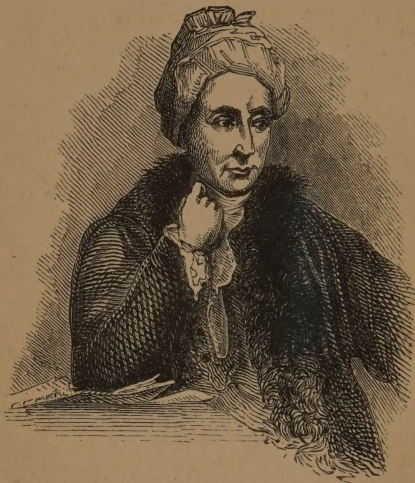
26

01

1/p







William Colver.

THE  
SACRED MINSTREL

A COLLECTION OF

Spiritual Songs

WITH

Biographical Sketches of the Authors

*Fourth Edition*

W. AND R. CHAMBERS


LONDON & EDINBURGH,





## Preface.

---

ACRED SONGS have proved a solace to the sorrowful, and a comfort to the weary, 'in the house of *their* pilgrimage;' but there are few modern compositions worthy of the name. Religion seems a theme too vast for the highest poetic inspiration, apart from the divine; hence the greatest masters of modern verse have in vain essayed the Sacred Lyre. With a few remarkable exceptions, the most distinguished British poets have failed while attempting spiritual themes, or have succeeded only in producing one or two pieces worthy of their Muse. Often in proportion to the fervour of the writer, or the earnestness of his sentiments, has his poetry been lacking in the essential elements of strength and power. In this little work an attempt has been made—and the Editor hopes, with some measure of success—to present, in a convenient and portable form, the gems of British Sacred Minstrelsy. The Editor has culled from a wide field; and, in making his selections, he has scrupulously avoided sacrificing poetry for sentiment, or adopting

elegant versification as a substitute for devotional earnestness. The grand theme of the work being the beauty of holiness, it has been the Editor's earnest aim that each separate composition should be essentially beautiful.

A large portion of the volume is occupied with compositions by living writers, which have been inserted by permission. A few original lyrics have likewise been introduced. The short Memoirs prefixed to the compositions of the various writers, it is hoped, will add to the interest of the publication. In conclusion, the Editor desires especially to commend this compilation to the hearths and secret chambers of God's people, satisfied that as the preparation of it has been a source of happiness to himself, its perusal will be attended with benefit to others.



# Index of Authors.

	Page		Page
Addison, Joseph, . . .	1	Elizabeth, Charlotte, . .	114
Alexander, W. L., D.D.,	183	Graham, James, . . .	57
Anderson, John, . . .	224	Grant, Sir Robert, . . .	94
Bailey, Philip J., . . .	206	Harris, John, D.D., . .	129
Barbault, Anna Letitia,	40	Hastings, Lady Flora, .	127
Barclay, John, . . .	37	Heber, Reginald, D.D., .	85
Barton, Bernard, . . .	91	Hemans, Felicia, . . .	117
Beattie, James, LL.D.,	39	Hervey, Eleanora, . . .	188
Bethune, John, . . .	132	Hogg, James, . . .	63
Bigg, J. Stanyan, . . .	236	Huie, Richard, M.D., . .	245
Bonar, Horatius, D.D.,	171	Inglis, Margaret, . . .	75
Bowles, Caroline Anne,	105	Irons, Joseph, . . .	101
Powring, Sir John, . .	150	Keble, John, . . .	178
Boyden, Henry, . . .	238	Kenn, Thomas, . . .	15
Brown, Frances, . . .	264	Knox, William, . . .	109
Browning, Mrs Barrett,	241	Leask, William, D.D., .	167
Bruce, Michael, . . .	47	Logan, John, . . .	49
Bulwer Lytton, Sir E.,	243	Longfellow, Henry W.,	181
Burns, James D., . . .	218	Longmuir, John, LL.D.,	261
Burns, Robert, . . .	55	M'Cheyne, R. Murray,	134
Byron, Lord, . . .	108	Macduff, John R., . . .	210
Cameron, William, . .	52	Mackay, Charles, LL.D.,	169
Campbell, Thomas, . .	77	Milman, Henry H., . . .	145
Conder, Josiah, . . .	112	Montgomery, James, . .	70
Cook, Eliza, . . .	269	Moore, Dugald, . . .	130
Cowper, William, . . .	8	Moore, Thomas, . . .	79
Crabbe, George, . . .	54	More, Hannah, . . .	44
Craig, Isabella, . . .	247	Nairn, Baroness, . . .	59
Crawford, John, . . .	203	Newton, John, . . .	20
Crawford, Margaret, . .	250	Noel, Gerard T., . . .	83
Croly, George, LL.D.,	140	Ogilvie, John, D.D., . .	34
Doddridge, Philip, . .	17	Opie, Amelia, . . .	62
Dodds, James, senr., . .	201		
Dodds, James, junr., . .	204		
Drummond, D. T. K.,	163		

	Page		Page
Perry, Frederick J., . . .	239	Taylor, Bayard, . . .	222
Pope, Alexander, . . .	7	Thomson, James, . . .	33
Raffles, T., D.D., LL.D.,	141	Trench, R. C., . . .	267
Reid, William, . . .	233	Tupper, Martin F., . .	199
Rogers, Henry, . . .	180	Vedder, David, . . .	115
Scott, Sir Walter, . . .	67	Wardlaw, Ralph, D.D.,	81
Sillery, Charles Doyne,	131	Watts, Alaric A., . . .	156
Simpson, Jane C., . . .	252	Watts, Isaac, D.D., . .	18
Sinclair, William, . . .	196	Weir, Daniel, . . .	122
Small, James G., . . .	257	Wesley, Charles, . . .	31
Southey, Robert, . . .	76	White, Henry Kirke,	98
Stirling, William, . . .	275	Wilson, John, . . .	102
Stowell, Hugh, . . .	157	Wordsworth, William,	66
Swain, Charles, . . .	161		
Symington, Andrew J.,	235	Young, Andrew, . . .	205

## Index to First Lines.

A heavenly voice is falling, . . . . .	257
Ah ! many a saddening sight we see, . . . .	228
Ah ! the heavens are too high, . . . . .	236
Alway on <i>Earth</i> ? Oh no ! . . . . .	185
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, . . . . .	15
Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes, . . . .	43
Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake, . . . . .	99
Be glad, ye heavens, thou earth rejoice, . . . .	91
Begin, my soul, the exalted lay, . . . . .	34
Behold the mountain of the Lord, . . . . .	51
Behold, when breathing love divine, . . . . .	40
Bind ye the cypress, fair daughters of Sion, . . . .	208



# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

vii

Page

Blinded in youth by Satan's arts, . . . .	10
Bound upon the accursed tree, . . . .	145
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,	186
Bring forth the dead, . . . .	165
Brother, thou art gone before us, . . . .	148
By cool Siloam's shady rill, . . . .	87
By the red lightning rent and riven, . . . .	170
Child amidst the flowers at play, . . . .	119
Child of Abraham ! wherefore now, . . . .	186
Child of God and heir of glory, . . . .	260
Christ is coming ! let creation, . . . .	217
Come forth, ye wandering children, all, . . . .	190
Come let us join our cheerful songs, . . . .	18
Contemplate, saints, the source divine, . . . .	82
Could we but look beyond our sphere, . . . .	122
Dweller in heaven high, Ruler below ! . . . .	64
Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem, . . . .	222
Father of all, whose powerful voice, . . . .	31
Fear was within the tossing bark, . . . .	119
Friends I love may die or leave me, . . . .	219
From every stormy wind that blows, . . . .	157
From Greenland's icy mountains, . . . .	85
Glorious God ! on Thee we call, . . . .	199
Glory to Thee, my God, this night, . . . .	16
Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,	61
Go when the morning shineth, . . . .	252
God moves in a mysterious way, . . . .	9
God of my life, whose gracious power, . . . .	32
God on earth ! and God in heaven ! . . . .	273
Grief is bitter o'er the dust, . . . .	270
Hark ! where peals yon swelling anthem ? . . . .	193
He lives who lives to God alone, . . . .	11

	Page
He who on earth as man was known, . . . . .	29
He who would win a warrior's fame, . . . . .	93
Her heart was in heaven, and she cared not for earth, . . . . .	202
High peace to the soul of the dead, . . . . .	140
Ho! Zion, awake, and come forth like a bride, . . . . .	277
Holy Father! lend thine ear, . . . . .	231
Honour will oft elude the grasp, . . . . .	218
How are thy servants blessed, O Lord, . . . . .	3
How bright these glorious spirits shine, . . . . .	53
How fair and how lovely it is to behold, . . . . .	129
How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave, . . . . .	137
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, . . . . .	26
How tedious and tasteless the hours, . . . . .	23
 I have seen all the pleasures of hoarded up treasures, . . . . .	 38
I once was a stranger, . . . . .	135
I stood upon the beach at even, . . . . .	240
I was a wandering sheep, . . . . .	177
If human kindness meets return, . . . . .	84
In every place, in every hour, . . . . .	128
In the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile, . . . . .	124
In those hours when thought is creeping, . . . . .	250
Incarnate God! the soul that knows, . . . . .	21
Is heaven a place where pearly streams, . . . . .	207
It is a solemn thing to live! . . . . .	253
 Jehovah God! Thy gracious power, . . . . .	 33
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me! . . . . .	210
Joy is a fruit that will not grow, . . . . .	27
 Launch thy bark, mariner, . . . . .	 105
Leaves have their time to fall, . . . . .	118
Let us give thanks with grateful soul, . . . . .	271
Lift up to God the voice of praise, . . . . .	82
Like mist on the mountain, . . . . .	138
Lord of all power and might, . . . . .	159
Lord! whose love in power excelling, . . . . .	89

# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

ix

Page

Meek Lamb of God ! on Thee, . . . . .	160
'Mid the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines, . . . .	229
'Midst wintry gloom, and winds that wail, . . . .	259
Mighty is the power that gives, . . . . .	154
New Heavens !—for the stars grow pale, . . . .	265
Night ! floating to thy cloudy throne, . . . .	225
No more, no more of the cares of time ! . . . .	184
No night shall be in heaven—no gathering gloom, . .	144
Not seldom, clad in radiant vest, . . . . .	66
No, soul ! not in vain thou hast striven, . . . .	244
Now spring returns, but not to me returns, . . . .	47
O ! blest art thou whose steps may rove, . . . .	120
O God of Abraham ! by whose hand, . . . . .	51
O God of nature and of grace, . . . . .	203
O happy is the man who hears, . . . . .	49
O how wondrous is the story, . . . . .	44
O in the dark and stormy night, . . . . .	221
O life ! O death ! O world ! O time ! . . . . .	267
O Lord, another day is flown, . . . . .	100
O Lord, my God ! I come to Thee, . . . . .	209
O Lord, send down the heavenly rain, . . . . .	233
O Saviour ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness, . .	97
O think that, while you 're weeping here, . . . .	246
O Thou the first, the greatest Friend, . . . . .	56
O Thou ! who art the Shepherd of faithful Jacob's race,	275
O Thou ! who dryest the mourner's tear, . . . .	79
O well he named thee, prophet wise, . . . . .	188
O wondrous morn ! when o'er the earth, . . . . .	263
O worship the King, all glorious above ! . . . .	96
Of all the thoughts of God that are, . . . . .	241
Oft as the daylight hours were gone, . . . . .	213
Oh blest were the accents of early creation, . . . .	89
Oh for that purity of heart, . . . . .	92
Oh ! spare the rod, . . . . .	249
Oh ! weep not for the joys that fade, . . . . .	110
Oh ! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,	124
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ? . .	110

	Page
On life's tempestuous ocean glides, . . . .	101
On man in his own image made, . . . .	24
One glance of thine, eternal Lord, . . . .	22
One there is above all others, . . . .	28
Oppressed with unbelief and sin, . . . .	30
Our glorious home above, . . . .	167
 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin, . . . .	 54
Praise to God, immortal praise, . . . .	42
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, . . . .	70
 Say, where is the beautiful land, . . . .	 168
Shall mortal man, a child of earth, . . . .	142
She died in beauty ! like a rose, . . . .	131
Shepherd that didst Joseph lead ! . . . .	204
Sing with me, sing with me, . . . .	65
Soft glowing in uncertain birth, . . . .	127
Stand and adore ! how glorious He, . . . .	19
Summer ocean, idly washing, . . . .	171
Sweet are the joys of home, . . . .	155
Sweet Sabbath bells ! ye waft my soul, . . . .	224
 Talk not of temples, there is one, . . . .	 116
Tell me not, in mournful numbers, . . . .	182
Tell me, O thou captive daughter, . . . .	216
That man no guard or weapon needs, . . . .	25
The air of death breathes through our souls, . . . .	103
The Assyrian came down, like a wolf on the fold, . . . .	108
The birds are twittering in the early dawn, . . . .	235
The Bethel flag we raise, . . . .	262
The chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll on fire, . . . .	147
The cold wind strips the yellow leaf, . . . .	150
The day of wrath ! that dreadful day, . . . .	69
The falling leaf ! it speaks to me, . . . .	232
The God of nature and of grace, . . . .	73
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, . . . .	2
The spacious firmament on high, . . . .	2



# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	xi
	Page
The summer sky, so blue and clear, . . . . .	230
The waves, the winds of Circumstance, . . . . .	206
There is a book, who runs may read, . . . . .	179
There is a calm for those who weep, . . . . .	71
There is a concert in the trees, . . . . .	132
There is a friend, a secret friend, . . . . .	162
There is a happy land, . . . . .	205
There is a morning-star, my soul, . . . . .	175
There is a thought can lift the soul, . . . . .	156
There is light on the hills, and the valley is past, . . . . .	62
There's music in the morning air, . . . . .	161
These eyes that were half-closed in death, . . . . .	57
They sin who tell us love can die, . . . . .	76
This is not my place of resting, . . . . .	175
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, . . . . .	88
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord, . . . . .	141
Thou art, O God! the life and light, . . . . .	80
Thou city of the Lord! whose name, . . . . .	196
Thou earth! o'er which the curse of sin, . . . . .	163
Though long the wanderer may depart, . . . . .	220
Though this wild brain is aching, . . . . .	130
Thy cross, O Lord, the holy sign, . . . . .	158
'Tis midnight, 'tis midnight, o'er Egypt's dark sky, . . . . .	181
'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more, . . . . .	39
To Jesus, the crown of my hope, . . . . .	12
To the everlasting mountains I lift my weary eyes, . . . . .	276
To Thee, my God! to Thee I bring, . . . . .	152
Tread softly, bow the head, . . . . .	106
Truth is eternal as its source, . . . . .	247
Up and away, like the dew of the morning, . . . . .	176
Vital spark of heavenly flame, . . . . .	7
We find a glory in the flowers, . . . . .	270
Weak and irresolute is man, . . . . .	9
Weary one, wait! the dawn is approaching, . . . . .	168

	Page
What are these ethereal strains, . . . .	212
What is the Lord? survey the world, . . . .	164
What's this vain world to me? . . . .	60
What strains of compassion are heard, . . . .	260
What various hindrances we meet, . . . .	14
When all thy mercies, O my God, . . . .	5
When gathering clouds around I view, . . . .	95
When in the hour of lonely woe, . . . .	113
When Israel of the Lord beloved, . . . .	68
When Jordan hushed his waters still, . . . .	78
When marshalled on the mighty plain, . . . .	98
When our heads are bowed with woe, . . . .	147
When shall we meet again? . . . .	75
When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,	88
Whene'er an angry word is said, . . . .	255
Where art Thou! . . . .	248
Where high the heavenly temple stands, . . . .	50
Where is the tree the prophet threw, . . . .	121
Where is this infant? it is gone, . . . .	267
Where the faded flower shall freshen, . . . .	173
Where thou hast touched, O wondrous death! . . . .	268
While angels bend before thee, . . . .	238
While to several paths dividing, . . . .	114
Why does the day, whose date is brief, . . . .	126
Why should I murmur or repine, . . . .	214
Work! thy mission is not slumber, . . . .	227
Would you be young again? . . . .	59
 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, . . . .	 17
Ye ransomed saints! what tongue can tell, . . . .	215

## The Sacred Minstrel.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ONE of the most celebrated of British writers, Joseph Addison was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. He studied at Oxford, where he was distinguished for his classical attainments. By composing elegant verses, he early gained some powerful patrons. In 1709 he became Private Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, an appointment which, united to another office, yielded him a salary of £600. He now published, along with Sir Richard Steele, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, periodicals which exercised a salutary influence on the manners of the period, and which still retain their popularity. In 1716, Addison espoused the Dowager Countess of Warwick, a union not productive of happiness. He was subsequently appointed Secretary of State for Ireland, but soon retired on an allowance of £1500 a year. He died at Holland House, Kensington, in June 1719. Addison was a man of earnest and unpretending piety; his writings, both in prose and verse, breathe the spirit of devotion. His reputation as a powerful and elegant essayist has eclipsed his fame as a poet; but his sacred lyrics have been inserted in every collection, and will continue to be read with interest, while the English language is understood.

## THE FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim :  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice, nor sound,  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?  
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
' The hand that made us is divine.'

---

PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.



When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

---

HOW ARE THY SERVANTS BLESSED.

How are thy servants blessed, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,  
Made every region please ;  
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul ! devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep  
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,  
And fear in every heart,  
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord !  
Thy mercy set me free ;  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea that roared at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fear, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

## GOD'S MERCIES.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

O, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravished heart !  
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redrest ;  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed ;  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine unseen arm conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It greatly cleared my way ;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ;  
And, in a kind and faithful friend,  
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.


When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For, oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise !



## ALEXANDER POPE.

---

 ALEXANDER POPE, the illustrious English poet, was born at London in 1688. His parents were Roman Catholics. In boyhood, he indicated strong poetical talent. Of a feeble constitution, and somewhat deformed in person, he chose the literary profession. His numerous poetical writings, which rapidly attracted public notice, acquired him the means of independence. His poetical translation of Homer has not been surpassed in felicity of diction. As an English satirist, he stands alone. His whole works have been edited more frequently than those of any other British writer, with the exception of Shakspeare. Pope died at his villa, Twickenham, in 1744.

### THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life !


Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
‘ Sister spirit, come away !’  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears  
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring !  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O Grave ! where is thy victory !  
O Death ! where is thy sting !

---

## WILLIAM COWPER.

---

ILLIAM COWPER was born in 1731, at Berkhamstead, Herts. His father was rector of the parish. Through family influence he secured the appointment of clerk in the House of Lords ; but a nervous weakness, followed by a period of mental aberration, prevented his entering on the duties. As a relief to his habitual melancholy, he was induced to write verses, and the result has been his attaining an honoured place among British poets. In 1794 he obtained a literary pension from the crown. His death took place in April 1800. Of Cowper it has been frequently remarked, that he has not written a single line which, on his death-bed, he could have wished to expunge ; yet to the close of life, he was oppressed by a deep spiritual despondency.



## PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.  
Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.  
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.  
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.  
His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.  
Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

---

## HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain ;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent,  
Finds out his weaker part ;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
Through all his art we view ;  
And, while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
And dangers little known ;  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,  
To reach the distant coast,  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

---

#### THE ENCHANTMENT DISSOLVED.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,  
The world, to our unpractised hearts  
A flattering prospect shews ;  
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes  
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,  
And undisturbed repose.

So, in the desert's dreary waste,  
By magic power produced in haste  
(As ancient fables say),

Castles, and groves, and music sweet,  
The senses of the traveller meet,  
And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,  
The charm dissolves, the vision dies—  
'Twas but enchanted ground ;  
Thus, if the Lord our spirit touch,  
The world which promised us so much,  
A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distressed,  
Convinced we never can have rest  
In such a wretched place ;  
But He, whose mercy breaks the charm,  
Reveals his own almighty arm,  
And bids us seek His face.

Then we begin to live indeed,  
When from our sin and bondage freed,  
By this beloved friend ;  
We follow him from day to day,  
Assured of grace through all the way,  
And glory at the end.

---

#### NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

HE lives, who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside ;  
For other source than God is none,  
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite  
His love as best we may ;  
To make His precepts our delight,  
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring  
Of giddy joys comprised,  
Is falsely named, and no such thing,  
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,  
Who only live to prove  
For what poor toys they can disclaim  
An endless life above ?

Who trample order, and the day  
Which God asserts his own  
Dishonour, with unhallowed play,  
And worship chance alone ?

If scorn of God's commands impressed  
On word and deed, imply  
The better part of man unblessed  
With life that cannot die.

Such want it, and that want uncured,  
Till man resigns his breath,  
Speaks him a criminal, assured  
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!  
Yet, so will God repay  
Sabbaths profaned without remorse,  
And mercy cast away.

---

#### LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne !

My Saviour, whom absent, I love ;  
Whom not having seen, I adore ;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee ;  
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine ;  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline.

O then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured ;  
I shall meet him, whom absent, I loved,  
I shall see, whom unseen, I adored.

And then, never more shall the fear,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;  
They will be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

## PRAYER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there !

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
Gives exercise to faith and love ;  
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright :  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when, through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'



## BISHOP KENN.



THOMAS KENN was educated at Oxford. In 1679 he proceeded to Holland as chaplain to the Princess of Orange. He was subsequently chaplain to Charles II., who promoted him to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. He was confined in the Tower by James II. for opposing his dispensing power; and on the restoration, suffered the loss of his office by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to William III. He afterwards received a small state-pension. He died in 1711. Kenn was a person of singular conscientiousness, and of devoted piety.

### MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily course of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.  
Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the Great Day thyself prepare.  
Let all thy converse be sincere ;  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, and works, and ways.  
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart !  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, day and night, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.



Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning-dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.  
Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

---

## EVENING HYMN.


GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own Almighty wings.  
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.  
O, may my soul on Thee repose,  
And balmy sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep, that my frame shall vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

---

HILIP DODDRIDGE was born in London in 1702. He became the conductor of a Theological Seminary, first in London, and afterwards at Northampton. His writings, which are chiefly theological, continue to be held in high estimation—especially his *Family Expositor*, or Commentary on the New Testament. His death took place at Lisbon, in October 1751.

### GOD THE LIGHT OF HIS PEOPLE.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell !  
With all your feeble light ;  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day !  
In brighter flames arrayed ;  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.


Ye stars are but the shining dust,  
Of my divine abode ;  
The pavement of those heavenly courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unclouded day.

No more the drops of piercing grief  
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;  
 Nor the meridian sun decline,  
 Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints,  
 Shall in one song unite ;  
 And each the bliss of all shall share  
 With infinite delight.

## ISAAC WATTS, D.D

 SAAC WATTS was born at Southampton in 1674. Educated in connection with the Independent Church, he was ordained in London a pastor of that body in 1702. In 1712, being seized with a severe fever, he was received into the house of Sir Thomas Abney, a generous alderman of the city; he continued to reside with the family till the close of his life. He died in November 1748. Of his numerous works on science and religion, his *Logic* and *Improvement of the Mind* have obtained the highest place. His *Divine Songs* are put into the hands of every young person.

### THE LAMB OF GOD.

COME let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

‘Worthy the Lamb that died,’ they cry,  
‘To be exalted thus ;’  
‘Worthy the Lamb,’ our lips reply,  
‘For He was slain for us.’

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

---

#### THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

STAND and adore ! how glorious He  
That dwells in bright eternity !  
We gaze, and we confound our sight,  
Plunged in th’ abyss of dazzling light.

Thou Sacred One, Almighty Three,  
Great, everlasting Mystery !  
What lofty numbers shall we frame  
Equal to Thy tremendous name ?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,  
Begin to speak the Great Unknown :  
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,  
To notes untried, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious powers survey  
Largely beyond our eyes of clay ;  
Yet what a narrow portion, too,  
Is seen, or thought, or known by you !


How flat your highest praises fall  
Before th' immense Original !  
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain  
To reach an uncreated strain.

Great God ! forgive our feeble lays ;  
Sound out thine own eternal praise ;  
A song so vast, a theme so high,  
Calls for the voice that tuned the sky.

---

## JOHN NEWTON.

---

OHN NEWTON, an eminent Christian writer, and convert from infidelity, was born at London in 1725. Prosecuting the nautical profession, he abandoned himself to profligacy and professed infidelity. Having become savingly awakened, he devoted himself to earnest study, with a view to the ministry. In 1764 he was ordained curate of Olney, and was afterwards promoted to the rectorship of St Mary, Woolnorth, London. He died in December 1807. *The Olney Hymns, on Select Passages of Scripture*, composed jointly by Newton and the poet Cowper, maintain a well-merited popularity.

THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows

Thy name's mysterious power,  
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,  
Nor fear the trying hour.

Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,  
To feeble, helpless worms,  
A buckler and a refuge prove  
From enemies and storms.

In vain the fowler spreads his net,  
To draw them from thy care ;  
Thy timely call instructs their feet  
To shun the artful snare.

When, like a baneful pestilence,  
Sin mows its thousands down,  
On every side, without defence,  
Thy grace secures thine own.

No midnight terrors haunt their bed,  
No arrow wounds by day ;  
Unhurt by serpents they shall tread,  
If found in duty's way.

Angels unseen attend the saints,  
And bear them in their arms,  
To cheer their spirit when it faints,  
And guard their life from harms.

The angel's Lord himself is nigh  
To them that love His name ;  
Ready to save them when they cry,  
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and changes are their lot,  
Long as they sojourn here ;  
But since their Saviour changes not,  
What have the saints to fear ?

---

## THE WAY OF ACCESS.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Pierces all nature through ;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from Thy view.

The mighty whole, each smaller part,  
At once before Thee lies ;  
And every thought of every heart  
Is open to Thine eyes.

Though greatly from myself concealed,  
Thou seest my inward frame ;  
To Thee I always stand revealed  
Exactly as I am.

Since, therefore, I can hardly bear  
What in myself I see ;  
How vile and black must I appear,  
Most holy God, to Thee !

But since my Saviour stands between,  
In garments dyed in blood ;  
'Tis He, the righteous one, is seen  
When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe,  
He pleads before the throne  
His life and death in my behalf,  
And calls my sins His own.



What wondrous love, what matchless grace,  
 In this appointment shine !  
 My breaches of the law are his,  
 And his obedience mine !

---

NONE UPON EARTH DESIRED BESIDES JESUS.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see ;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
 Have lost all their sweetness with me.  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
 But when I am happy in Him,  
 December 's as pleasant as May.  
 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music His voice ;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice.  
 I should, were He always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.  
 Content with beholding His face,  
 My all to His pleasure resigned ;  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind.  
 While blessed with a sense of His love,  
 A palace a toy would appear ;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.  
 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
 If Thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long ?

O drive these dark clouds from the sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me unto Thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

---

## ADAM.

ON man in his own image made,  
How much did God bestow !  
The whole creation homage paid,  
And owned him Lord below.

He dwelt in Eden's garden, stored  
With sweets for every sense ;  
And there, with his descending Lord,  
He walked in confidence.

But oh ! by sin how quickly changed !  
His honour forfeited ;  
His heart from God and truth estranged,  
His conscience filled with dread !

Now from his Maker's voice he flees,  
Which was before his joy ;  
And thinks to hide, amidst the trees,  
From an all-seeing eye.

Compelled to answer to his name,  
With stubbornness and pride,  
He cast on God himself the blame,  
Nor once for mercy cried.

But grace, unasked, his heart subdued,  
And all his guilt forgave ;  
By faith the promised seed he viewed,  
And felt his power to save.

Thus we ourselves would justify,  
 Though we the law transgress;  
 Like him, unable to deny,  
 Unwilling to confess.

But when, by faith, the sinner sees  
 A pardon, bought with blood;  
 Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,  
 And gladly turns to God.

---

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

THAT man no guard or weapon needs,  
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;  
 But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
 Through burning sands, or mountain snows.

Released from guilt, he feels no fear,  
 Redemption is his shield and tower;  
 He sees his Saviour always near  
 To help in every trying hour.

Though I am weak, and Satan strong,  
 And often to assault me tries;  
 When Jesus is my shield and song,  
 Abashed the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing, I am blest,  
 Secure whatever change may come;  
 Whether I go to east or west,  
 With Him I still shall be at home.

If placed beneath the northern pole,  
 Though winter reigns with rigour there;  
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
 And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sunburnt soil  
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,  
His presence would support my toil,  
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

---

## THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of JESUS sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

---

THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil ;  
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,  
 And made His glories known ;  
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
 Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
 A sense of pard'ning love ;  
 A hope that triumphs over death,  
 Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,  
 To know that God is mine,  
 Are springs of joy that never fail,  
 Unspeakable ! divine !

These are the joys which satisfy,  
 And sanctify the mind ;  
 Which make the spirit mount on high,  
 And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot ;  
 But if you are the Lord's,  
 Resign to them that know Him not  
 Such joys as earth affords.

A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A  
BROTHER.

ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end ;  
    They who once His kindness prove,  
    Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed their blood ;  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled to Him in God.  
    This was boundless love indeed,  
    Jesus is a friend in need.

Men, when raised to lofty stations,  
Often know their friends no more ;  
Slight and scorn their poor relations,  
Though they valued them before ;  
    But our Saviour always owns  
    Those whom He redeemed with groans.

When He lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was His name ;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same ;  
    Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
    And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another  
What He daily bears from us ;  
Yet this glorious friend and brother  
Loves us though we treat Him thus.  
    Though for good we render ill,  
    He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a friend we have above ;  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

---

## THE REFUGE, RIVER, AND ROCK OF THE CHURCH.

He who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now seated on the eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide,  
With an unerring skill ;  
And countless worlds, extended wide,  
Obey His sovereign will.

While harps, unnumbered, sound his praise,  
In yonder world above,  
His saints on earth admire His ways,  
And glory in His love.

His righteousness to faith revealed,  
Wrought out for guilty worms,  
Affords a hiding-place and shield  
From enemies and storms.

This land, through which His pilgrims go,  
Is desolate and dry ;  
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,  
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head,  
To this Almighty Rock they run,  
And find a pleasing shade.



How glorious he, how happy they  
In such a glorious friend !  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

---

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

OPPRESSED with unbelief and sin,  
Fightings without, and fears within ;  
While earth and hell, with force combined,  
Assault and terrify my mind.

What strength have I against such foes,  
Such hosts and legions to oppose ?  
Alas ! I tremble, faint, and fall,  
Lord, save me, or I give up all.

Thus sorely pressed, I sought the Lord,  
To give me some sweet cheering word ;  
Again I sought, and yet again,  
I waited long, but not in vain.


Oh ! 'twas a cheering word indeed !  
Exactly suited to my need ;  
'Sufficient for thee is My grace ;  
Thy weakness My great power displays !'

Now I despond and mourn no more,  
I welcome all I feared before ;  
Though weak, I'm strong, though troubled, blest,  
For Christ's own power shall on me rest.

My grace would soon exhausted be,  
But His is boundless as the sea ;  
Then let me boast, with holy Paul,  
That I am nothing, Christ is all.

## CHARLES WESLEY.

---

HARLES WESLEY was, in 1708, born at Epworth, Lincolnshire. In 1732 he graduated at Oxford. He joined as a preacher his elder brother John, the distinguished founder of the Methodists, and composed the greater number of the hymns used in public worship by that body. His death took place in March 1788.

### THE ADORABLE GOD.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice  
Called forth this universal frame !  
Whose mercies over all rejoice,  
Through endless ages still the same :  
Thou, by Thy Word, upholdest all,  
Thy boundless love to all is shewed ;  
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,  
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven Thou reign'st enthroned in light,  
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread ;  
Earth, air, and sea before Thy sight,  
And hell's deep gloom are open laid !  
Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine ;  
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,  
Confess Thine attributes divine,  
And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.

Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess  
That moves in earth, or air, or sky ;  
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,  
Tremble before Thy piercing eye :

All ye who owe to Him your birth,  
In praise, your every hour employ ;  
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth,  
And shout, ye morning-stars, for joy.

---

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power,  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led ;  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head !

In all my ways Thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to Thee.

Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
And given me back at Thy command ;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.

Oft from the margin of the grave,  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head :  
Sudden, I found thee near to save ;  
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.

Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast !  
Secure within Thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art ;  
I ever into ruin run,  
But Thou art greater than my heart.


Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me where I may heaven find,  
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make Thee room,  
Enter, and in me ever stay,  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day.

---

## JAMES THOMSON.

---

AMES THOMSON, the poet of the *Seasons*, was born in the manse of Ednam, Roxburghshire, in 1700. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1726 he published his poem of *Winter*, which laid the foundation of his subsequent fame. He died in 1748, at Richmond, near London, where he possessed a beautiful residence.

### THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

JEHOVAH God ! Thy gracious power  
On every hand we see,  
Oh, may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.


If, on the wings of morn, we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,  
Thine arm our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
 And reaches to the skies ;  
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
 Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
 The hand of God we see ;  
 And all the blessings we receive,  
 Ceaseless proceed from Thee.

In all the varying scenes of time  
 On Thee our hopes depend ;  
 In every age, in every clime,  
 Our Father and our Friend.

## JOHN OGILVIE, D.D.

 OHN OGILVIE was born at Aberdeen in 1733. He studied for the Scottish Church, and in his twenty-sixth year was ordained to the pastoral charge of Midmar, a parish in Aberdeenshire. He remained there till his death in 1814. Ogilvie published several volumes of poems, and a number of works on philosophy and Christian ethics.

BEGIN, MY SOUL, THE EXALTED LAY.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;  
 Let each enraptured thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;  
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise  
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where gay transporting beauty reigns ;  
Ye scenes divinely fair !  
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim ;  
Tell how He formed your shining frame,  
And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !  
While all th' adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing :  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire  
The mighty chorus aid ;  
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise Him in the shade.

Thou Heaven of heavens, His vast abode ;  
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
Who called yon worlds from night.  
'Ye shades dispel !' th' Eternal said :  
At once th' involving darkness fled,  
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
United praise bestow ;  
Ye dragons, sound His awful name  
To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,  
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice :  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
    To Him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
    And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;  
Ye towering mountains, bending low,  
    Your great Creator own ;  
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
How Sinai kindled at His look,  
    And trembled at His frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,  
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,  
    In mutual concourse rise ;  
Crop the gay rose's vermil bloom,  
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
    In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mountain-tribes, and sing ;  
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
    Harmonious anthems raise  
To Him who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
    And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
    In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread His tremendous name around,  
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
    The general burst of joy.


Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,  
 Nursed in the downy lap of ease,  
 Fall prostrate at His throne.  
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;  
 Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power  
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,  
 O praise th' eternal source of love  
 With youth's enlivening fire :  
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
 Sigh His blessed name—then soar away,  
 And ask an angel's lyre.

---

## JOHN BARCLAY.

---

 HE founder of the sect of the Bereans, John Barclay, was born at Muthill, Perthshire, in 1734. He studied at St Andrews University, and in 1759 was licensed to preach. As ministerial assistant at Fettercairn, he indicated some peculiar theological opinions, which were condemned by the local presbytery. Among other views opposed to the standards of the Scottish Church, he repudiated the evidence of Natural Religion. He was ordained to the ministry at Newcastle in 1773, and he subsequently laboured in connection with his sect at Edinburgh, London, and Bristol. He died in July 1793. He published a number of theological works. His *Spiritual Songs* are chiefly to be remarked for their earnest piety.



## THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE BIBLE.

I HAVE seen all the pleasures of hoarded-up treasures,  
More fleet than a shadow, fly quickly away ;  
Instead of a blessing, they are an oppressing,  
To have them and hold them, a pitiful day ;  
But now my breast glowing, with raptures o'erflowing,  
I swim in an ocean that knoweth no shore ;  
An ocean of blessing. the good Word possessing ;  
I'm full, full of treasures that last evermore.


I well know the present, how balmy and pleasant  
Of small honey-workers on fair summer-day ;  
The honey tastes sweetly, yet not so completely  
But mingled with bitter, the sweet will decay.  
Unspeakably sweeter, without any bitter,  
The pure Word of God is eternally mine ;  
My heart it delighteth, mine eyes it enlighteneth ;  
I thereby a diadem of beauty do shine.

Deep shades they enclosed me, and death discomposed  
me,  
When light-flaunting folly my heart did betray ;  
But Jesus the prize won, which I've now my eyes on ;  
The darkness is fled, and is lost in the day.  
Substantial possessions, perennial blessings,  
Are laid up in heaven with Jesus for me ;  
Thy Spirit I feel it ; Thy Word is my pilot ;  
Blow Thy breath in my sails ; blow my vessel to  
Thee.



## JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

---

AMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, in 1735. He studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen. In his eighteenth year he was appointed parish-school-master of Fordoun. In 1758 he was elected one of the Masters of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and two years afterwards, was promoted to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College. Declining many subsequent offers of preferment, he remained at Aberdeen till his death, which took place in August 1803. Beattie was the author of various poetical and philosophical works, but his fame rests chiefly on his poem of *The Minstrel* and his *Essay on Truth*.

### HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;  
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with  
dew.  
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save :  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?  
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?  
'Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed,  
That leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind,  
My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to  
shade,  
Destruction before me and sorrow behind.


‘O pity, great Father of light,’ then I cried,  
 ‘Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst  
 free.’

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom ;  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blend-  
 ing,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb !

---

## MRS BARBAULD.

---

NNA LETITIA BARBAULD, daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, D.D., was born at Kibworth, Leicestershire, in 1743. In 1774 she accepted the hand of the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, who died in 1808. She printed a volume of poems in the year preceding her marriage, and subsequently devoted herself to literary and educational pursuits. She died at Stoke-Newington in March 1825, in her 82d year.

### LOVE, THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,  
 Our dying Master stands !  
 His weeping followers, gathering round,  
 Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which He gave  
Became its author well.

'Blessed is the man whose soft'ning heart  
Feels all another's pain,  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain.

'Whose breast expands with generous warmth,  
A stranger's woes to feel,  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.

'He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief ;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.

'To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.

'Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

'To him protection shall be shewn,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love.'

## PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the gen'rous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;  
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow ;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds rear  
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit.

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store ;  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall.

Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy.

Yet to thee my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee, for thyself alone.

---

AWAKE, MY SOUL !

AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threat'ning stands,  
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;  
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captive led.

See, where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands of ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most the traitor in the heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Put on the armour from above,  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

•

The terror and the charm repel,  
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell,  
The man of Calv'ry triumphed here ;  
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

---

## HANNAH MORE.

---



POET and eminent Christian writer, Hannah More was born at Stapleton, in Gloucester, in 1744. Her father was the village schoolmaster. She composed verses in early life, and adopted the literary profession. She died at Clifton, in September 1833.

By her writings she amassed a fortune of £30,000, a third portion of which she bequeathed to charitable purposes. Her works, which are chiefly on subjects of practical religion, are published in eleven volumes octavo.

### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O how wond'rous is the story  
Of our blest Redeemer's birth !  
See the mighty Lord of glory  
Leaves His heaven to visit earth.

Hear with transport, every creature,  
Hear the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Christ appears in human nature,  
In our sinful world is found.

Comes to pardon our transgression,  
Like a cloud our sins to blot;  
Comes to His own favoured nation,  
But His own receive Him not.

If the angels who attended  
To declare the Saviour's birth,  
Who from heaven with songs descended  
To proclaim good-will on earth.

If, in pity to our blindness,  
They had brought the pardon needed,  
Still Jehovah's wond'rous kindness  
Had our warmest hopes exceeded.

If some prophet had been sent  
With salvation's joyful news,  
Who that heard the blest event  
Could their warmest love refuse?

But 'twas He to whom in heaven  
Hallelujahs never cease;  
He, the mighty God, was given,  
Given to us a Prince of peace.

None but He who did create us  
Could redeem from sin and hell;  
None but He could reinstate us  
In the rank from which we fell.

Had He come, the glorious Stranger,  
Decked with all the world calls great;  
Had He lived in pomp and grandeur,  
Crowned with more than royal state;

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing,  
On such boundless love would dwell;  
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,  
Feel what words could never tell.



But what wonder should it raise  
Thus our lowest state to borrow !  
O the high mysterious ways,  
God's own Son a child of sorrow !

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure  
He our suffering nature bore ;  
'Twas to give us heavenly treasure  
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable  
Where your infant Saviour lies ;  
From your full o'erflowing table  
Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations,  
Boast not that you're highly fed ;  
Jesus—hear it all ye nations—  
Had not where to lay His head.

Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,  
If my kingdom you'd inherit ;  
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,  
Learn my meek and lowly spirit.

Come, ye servants, see your station  
Freed from all reproach and shame,  
He who purchased your salvation  
Bore a servant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, some comfort gather,  
Faint not in the race you run ;  
Hard the lot your gracious Father  
Gave His dear, His only Son.

Think that if your humbler stations  
Less of worldly good bestow,  
You escape those strong temptations  
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See, your Saviour is ascended,  
 See, He looks with pity down !  
 Trust Him, all will soon be mended,  
 Bear His cross, you 'll share His crown.

---

## MICHAEL BRUCE.

---



MICHAEL BRUCE, a short-lived poet of remarkable promise, was born of humble parents in the village of Kinneswood, Kinross-shire, in 1746. During a curriculum of four years, he studied at Edinburgh University ; he was subsequently employed as teacher of an adventure-school at Forrest Mill, near Alloa. He died of consumption in July 1767, in his twenty-first year. An obelisk denotes his grave in the churchyard of Portmoak. Simplicity and tenderness are the characteristics of his poetry.

### ODE TO SPRING.

Now Spring returns, but not to me returns  
 The vernal joy my better years have known ;  
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,  
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
 And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest,  
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true ;  
Led by pale ghosts I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;  
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
Which mortals visit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !  
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.


There let me wander at the close of eve,  
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes ;  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes ;  
Rest in the hope of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.



## JOHN LOGAN.

---

 OHN LOGAN, an eminent Scottish clergyman and sacred poet, was born at Soutra, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and being licensed to preach, was, in 1773, ordained to the pastoral charge of South Leith. In 1786 he resigned his charge, and proceeding to London, employed himself in literary pursuits. His death took place in December 1788. Logan is author of a considerable number of the Paraphrases of the Scottish Church. His published Sermons are models of Christian oratory.

### HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice ;  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.  
For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.  
In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy days ;  
Riches, with splendid honours joined,  
Are what her left displays.  
She guides the young with innocence,  
In pleasure's paths to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

---

## THE GREAT HIGH-PRIEST.

WHERE high the Heav'nly Temple stands,  
The House of God not made with hands,  
A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth his precious blood ;  
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
And ask the aids of heav'nly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

## THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill  
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs  
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,  
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

Come, then, oh come from ev'ry land,  
To worship at His shrine ;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

---

PRAYER OF THE BELIEVER.

O GOD of Abraham ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;  
Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.


Oh spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease ;  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

---

## WILLIAM CAMERON.

---

 WILLIAM CAMERON was born in 1751, and was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1785, he was ordained minister of Kirknewton, in Mid-Lothian. He was associated with Logan and others in preparing the Church paraphrases, and is known to have composed the 14th, 17th, and 66th of the series. He died in November 1811. He is the author of two volumes of poems.

## THE REDEEMED IN GLORY.

How bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to that blissful seat  
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great,  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing :  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.


Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray ;  
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
Shall o'er them still preside ;  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,  
Where living streams appear ;  
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye  
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.



## GEORGE CRABBE.

RABBE was born at Alborough, in Suffolk, in 1754. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a surgeon. He subsequently practised physic in his native village. Renouncing his professional duties, he proceeded to London in 1780 as a literary adventurer. After enduring much privation in the metropolis, he attracted the notice of Edmund Burke, who became his patron. Admitted to holy orders, he became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, subsequently obtaining various preferments. In 1813 he was appointed to the living of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, which he held till his death. That event took place in February 1832, in his seventy-eighth year. Of his numerous poetical works, the *Parish Register* has obtained the highest reputation.

### THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,  
Come the way to Zion's gate;  
There, till mercy speaks within,  
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.  
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry,  
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;  
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;  
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.  
Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!  
'Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest.'  
Now within the gate rejoice,  
Safe and owned, and bought and blest.


Safe from all the lures of vice ;  
Owned—by joys the contrite know.  
Bought—by love, and life the price ;  
Blest—the mighty debt to owe !

Holy pilgrim ! what for thee  
In a world like this remains ?  
From thy guarded breast shall flee  
Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.  
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee ;  
Shame—from glory's view retire ;  
Doubt—in full belief shall die ;  
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

---

## ROBERT BURNS.

---



HE greatest of lyric poets, Robert Burns, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, on the 25th of January 1759. His extraordinary capabilities were early noticed by his father, who was a man of superior intelligence ; but the straitened circumstances of the family necessitated his having soon to leave the school-room for the plough. In 1786 he printed, by subscription, at Kilmarnock, a volume of poems, and he proposed thereafter to emigrate to the West Indies. But the favourable reception of his poems led him to alter his intention. He proceeded to Edinburgh, and was *feted* by the men of letters in that capital. A second enlarged edition of his poems brought him the sum of £500. He thereafter made a tour to the more

interesting districts of the kingdom. His progress was marked by a succession of honours and hospitalities. He now became a farmer in Dumfriesshire, and added to the profits of his farm by accepting the appointment of an officer of Excise. In 1791 he abandoned his farm, and settled as an exciseman at Dumfries. He died there on the 21st of July 1796. The genius of Burns, especially as a song-writer, will command lasting admiration.

## THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou the first, the greatest friend  
Of all the human race !  
Whose strong right hand has ever been  
Their stay and dwelling-place.  
Before the mountains heaved their heads  
Beneath Thy forming hand ;  
Before this pond'rous globe itself  
Arose at Thy command.  
That power which raised and still upholds  
This universal frame ;  
From countless unbeginning time  
Was ever still the same.  
Those mighty periods of years,  
Which seem to us so vast,  
Appear no more before Thy sight  
Than yesterday that's past.  
Thou giv'st Thy word, Thy creature man,  
Is to existence brought ;  
Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,  
Return ye into nought.'


Thou layest them, with all their cares,  
In everlasting sleep;  
As with a flood thou tak'st them off  
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,  
In beauty's pride arrayed;  
But, long ere night, cut down it lies,  
All withered and decayed.

---

## JAMES GRAHAME.

---

AMES GRAHAME, author of the poem of *The Sabbath*, was born at Glasgow in 1765. Having passed through a philosophical course at Glasgow College, and studied law in the University of Edinburgh, he became, in 1791, a Writer to the Signet. In 1795 he was called to the Bar. In 1809, having abandoned the legal profession, he obtained orders in the Church of England. He received various ecclesiastical preferments, and latterly held the curacy of Sedgely, in the diocese of Durham. He died at Glasgow in September 1811.

### RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

THESE eyes that were half closed in death,  
Now dare the noontide blaze;  
My voice, that scarce could speak my wants,  
Now hymns Jehovah's praise.

How pleasant to my feet, unused  
To tread the daisied ground !  
How sweet to my unwonted ear  
The streamlet's lulling sound !

How soft the first breath of the breeze  
That on my temples played !  
How sweet the woodland evening-song,  
Full floating down the glade !

But sweeter far the lark, that soars  
Through morning's blushing ray ;  
For then, unseen, unheard, I join  
His lonely, heavenward lay.

And sweeter still that infant voice,  
With all its artless charms ;  
'Twas such as he that Jesus took,  
And cherished in His arms.


O Lord my God ! all these delights  
I to Thy mercy owe ;  
For Thou hast raised me from the couch  
Of sickness, pain, and woe.

'Twas Thou that from the 'whelming wave  
My sinking soul redeemed ;  
'Twas Thou that o'er destruction's storm  
A calming radiance beamed.



## BARONESS NAIRN.

---

AROLINA OLIPHANT, subsequently Baroness Nairn, was born in the mansion of Gask, Perthshire, in July 1766. In 1806 she accepted the hand of Major William Murray Nairn, who in 1824 was permitted to assume the title of Baron Nairn, consequent on the reversal of the attainder of that title. Lady Nairn died at Gask, in October 1845, in her 79th year. She was widely known for her varied accomplishments, and held in high esteem for her Christian worth. Some years subsequent to her death, she was discovered to have written many of the popular Scottish songs which had appeared anonymously during the half-century. The following sacred lyrics were in a former publication, printed from her MS. by the editor of the present work.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?

So would not I—

One tear to memory given

Onward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,

All but at rest on shore ;

Say, would you plunge once more,

With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now

Retrace your way?

Wander through stormy wilds,

Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red ;  
Hope's smiles around us shed,  
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,  
Our joy and delight ?  
Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight.  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the land for me ;  
Fly, time, fly speedily ;  
Come, life and light.

---

- REST IS NOT HERE.

WHAT 's this vain world to me ?  
Rest is not here ;  
False are the smiles I see,  
The mirth I hear.  
Where is youth's joyful glee ?  
Where all once dear to me ?  
Gone, as the shadows flee—  
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine  
Blithely and fair ?  
Why did those tints so fine  
Vanish in air ?  
Does not the vision say,  
Faint, lingering heart, away ;  
Why in this desert stay—  
Dark land of care !

Where souls angelic soar,  
Thither repair ;  
Let this vain world no more  
Lull and ensnare.  
That heaven I love so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell ;  
All things around me tell  
Rest is found there.

---


THE DEAD WHO HAVE DIED IN THE LORD.

Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,  
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent ;  
But weep not for him who is gone to his rest,  
Nor mourn for the ransomed, nor wail for the blest.  
The sun is not set, but is risen on high,  
Nor long in corruption his body shall lie—  
Then let not the tide of thy griefs overflow,  
Nor the music of heaven be discord below ;  
Rather loud be the song, and triumphant the chord,  
Let us joy for the dead who have died in the Lord.

Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,  
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent ;  
But give to the living thy passion of tears,  
Who walk in this valley of sadness and fears ;  
Who are pressed by the combat, in darkness are lost,  
By the tempest are beat, on the billows are tossed :  
Oh, weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,  
Whose warfare is ended, whose combat is o'er ;  
Let the song be exalted, be triumphant the chord,  
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord.



## MRS OPIE

MELIA ALDERSON, daughter of a physician in Norwich, was born in November 1769. In 1798 she became the wife of John Opie, the celebrated painter. From her youth, she was devoted to literary pursuits, and many of her tales, which are of an eminently moral tendency, retain a large measure of popularity. She died at Norwich in December 1853, at the age of eighty-four. Mrs Opie published in 1834 a volume of sacred poems, entitled *Lays for the Dead*.

### TO A DYING FRIEND.

THERE is light on the hills, and the valley is past,  
Ascend, happy pilgrim, thy labours are o'er ;  
The sunshine of heaven around thee is cast,  
And thy weak doubting footsteps can falter no more.

On, pilgrim, that hill richly circled with rays  
Is Zion ! Lo, there is 'the city of saints !'  
And the beauties, the glories, that region displays,  
Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints.

But the 'gate of one pearl' to thee opened shall be,  
And thou all its beauties and glories behold ;  
The Saviour an entrance has purchased for thee,  
And thy dwelling henceforth is the city of gold.


And, perhaps, in the portal, the glorified band  
Of kindred and friends long removed from thy sight,  
Breathing welcome and bliss, around thee will stand,  
Arrayed in their garments of heavenly light.

Transporting reunion ! bright meed of all those  
Who on earth bowed in meekness and faith to the  
rod,  
Still thankful alike if the thorn or the rose,  
Was strewed on the pathway that led them to God,  
She has knocked, she has entered ! blest spirit, fare-  
well !  
We rejoice in thy bliss, though our loss we deplore ;  
It is joy that thou art where the blessed ones dwell,  
But oh ! it is grief we behold thee no more.

---

### JAMES HOGG.

---

AMES HOGG, the *Ettrick Shepherd*, was born at Ettrick, Selkirkshire, in 1770. He could not read till eighteen, nor write till five and twenty. He pursued the simple occupation of a shepherd till the age of forty, when he proceeded to Edinburgh, to begin a literary career. His life was afterwards attended with good-fortune, checkered by some reverses ; he became the associate of Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished contemporaries, and acquired wide celebrity as a poet. His best poem, *The Queen's Wake*, has passed through many editions. In 1815, he removed from Edinburgh to the pastoral farm of Altrive Lake, in Yarrow, where he chiefly resided till his death, which took place in November 1835. Hogg ranks next to Burns among the peasant-poets of Scotland.

## DWELLER IN HEAVEN.

DWELLER in heaven high, Ruler below !  
Fain would I know Thee, yet tremble to know:  
How can a mortal deem, how may it be,  
That being can ne'er be but present with Thee ?  
Is it true that thou sawest me ere I saw the morn ?  
Is it true that Thou knewest me before I was born ?  
That nature must live in the light of Thine eye ?  
This knowledge for me is too great and too high !

That, fly I to noonday, or fly I to night,  
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light ;  
The light and the darkness to Thee are the same,  
And still in Thy presence of wonders I am ?  
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,  
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air,  
In the desert afar—on the mountain's wild brink—  
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink !

Or mount I on wings of the morning away  
To caves of the ocean unseen by the day,  
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,  
Even there to be living and moving in Thee !  
Nay, scale I the cloud, in the heavens to dwell,  
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,  
Can science expound, or humanity frame—  
That still Thou art present, and all are the same.

Yes, present for ever, Almighty, Alone,  
Great Spirit of Nature—unbounded, unknown !  
What mind can embody Thy presence divine ?  
I know not my being, how can I Thine ?  
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,  
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend ;  
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,  
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in Thee.

## THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD HYMN.

SING with me, sing with me !  
Weeping brethren, sing with me ;  
For now an open heaven I see,  
And a crown of glory laid for me.  
How my soul this earth despises,  
How my heart and spirit rises,  
Bounding from the flesh I sever,  
World of sin, adieu for ever !


Sing with me, sing with me !  
Friends in Jesus, sing with me,  
All my sufferings, all my woe,  
All my griefs I here forego.  
Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,  
Praying, hearing, and believing ;  
Earthly trust, and all its wrongings,  
Earthly love, and all its longings !

Sing with me, sing with me !  
Blessed spirits, sing with me ;  
To the Lamb our song shall be,  
Through a glad eternity !  
Farewell earthly morn and even,  
Sun and moon, and stars of heaven,  
Heavenly portals ope before me,  
Welcome, Christ in all thy glory !



## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

HE poet Wordsworth was born at Cocker-mouth, Cumberland, in April 1770. He studied at St John's College, Cambridge. In 1798 he first appeared as a poet, by the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*. In the following year, he fixed his residence near Grasmere lake, Cumberland, and though in different houses, he resided in this vicinity for the long period of half a century. In 1813 he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, with a salary of £500; in 1837 he received a civil-list pension of £300, and in 1843 had conferred on him the office of poet-laureate. He died in April 1850.

### TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;  
Not seldom evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove  
To the confiding bark untrue;  
And if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The unbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend.


But Thou art true, incarnate Lord !  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;  
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word  
No change can falsify.

I bent before Thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace with suppliant knee ;  
And peace was given, nor peace alone,  
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy !

---

---

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August 1771. He studied at the High School and University of that city. In 1792 he passed advocate. His first work, a series of translations from Burger's German ballads, appeared in 1796. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was published in 1802-3 ; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805 ; *Marmion* in 1808 ; and the *Lady of the Lake* in 1810. In 1811 he purchased the first portion of Abbotsford, which afterwards became his seat. In 1812 he received the appointment of a principal clerk of the Court of Session, an office worth £1300 a year. *Waverley*, the first published, and one of the most popular of his numerous novels, appeared in 1814. In 1820 he was created a

baronet. Pecuniary losses, which he experienced in 1826, induced him to increase his literary exertions, which were already arduous. An illness supervened, in 1830, which in September 1832 terminated fatally. His remains are interred in Dryburgh Abbey.

WHEN ISRAEL OF THE LORD BELOVED.

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came ;  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the coral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day ;  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path,  
In shade and storm the frequent night ;  
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's pest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

---

## DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away !—  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?

When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.


Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou, oh Christ ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

---



## JAMES MONTGOMERY.

---

AMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, in November 1771. He was educated at the Moravian settlement of Fulneck, near Leeds. After occupying a number of uncongenial situations, he became, in his 21st year, assistant to a bookseller in Sheffield. He acquired the property of a local newspaper, which he ably and successfully conducted. His first volume of poems, under the title of *Prison Amusements*, appeared in 1797. In 1825 he retired from his editorial duties, but continued to reside at Sheffield. He died there in April 1854, in his 82d year. For a number of years he enjoyed a civil-list pension of £150. A volume of hymns from his pen appeared about a year prior to his decease.

### PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,

Unuttered or expressed ;

The motion of a hidden fire

That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,

The falling of a tear,

The upward glancing of an eye

When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech

That infant lips can try ;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, 'Behold he prays !'

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son,  
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The holy spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way ;  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trode,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

---

#### THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,  
And aching heart beneath the soil ;  
To slumber in that dreamless bed,  
From all my toil.

The grave that never spake before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;  
O listen !—I will speak no more ;  
Be silent, pride.

Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights ;  
Endearing days for ever flown,  
And tranquil nights ?

O live ! and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past ;  
Rely on heaven's unchanging will  
For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,  
Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure seldom found.  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm ;  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heavenly calm.

Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou be,  
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod ;  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
He wounds to heal !

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate his providence adore ;  
'Tis done ! arise ! He bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time's dark wilderness of years  
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And, while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,

The soul of origin divine,  
God's glorious image freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
The soul, immortal as its sire,  
Shall never die !

---

#### NATURE.

THE God of nature and of grace  
In all His works appears ;  
His goodness through the earth we trace,  
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,  
By Him in wisdom planned ;  
'Twas He who girded like a robe  
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,  
Thither His path pursue ;  
His glory, boundless as the sky,  
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand  
A highway for their God ;  
He walks amidst the desert land,  
'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice ;  
Hark ! on the evening breeze,  
As one of old, the Lord God's voice  
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds His herds,  
His flocks on yonder plains ;  
His praise is warbled by the birds,  
Oh, could He catch their strains !

Mount with the lark, and bear our song  
Up to the gates of light ;  
Or, with the nightingale prolong  
Our numbers through the night !


In every stream His bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth ;  
In every breeze His spirit blows  
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,  
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found !

## MRS INGLIS.

---

ARGARET MAXWELL MURRAY was born at Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, in October 1774. She was twice married—first to a person named Finlay, who held a post in the navy; secondly, to John Inglis, an officer of the Excise. In 1826 she became a widow for the second time. She thereafter resided in Edinburgh till her death, which took place in December 1843. She published a small volume of miscellaneous poems in 1838. The following sacred lyric from her pen was in a former work published by the editor from the original MS.

### WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

WHEN shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever?  
When shall peace wreathe her chain  
Round us for ever?  
When shall our hearts repose  
Safe from each breath that blows,  
In this dark world of woes?  
Never! oh, never!  
Fate's unrelenting hand  
Long may divide us;  
Yet in one holy land  
One God shall guide us.  
Then, on that happy shore,  
Care ne'er shall reach us more;  
Earth's vain delusions o'er,  
Angels beside us.


There, where no storms can chill;  
False friends deceive us;  
Where, with protracted thrill,  
Hope cannot grieve us.

There with the pure in heart,  
Far from fate's venom'd dart;  
There shall we meet to part  
Never! oh, never!

---

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

---

OBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol in 1774. He studied at Baliol College, Oxford. He successively resolved to adopt the clerical, medical, and legal professions, but abandoned each, became a poet, and a most devoted man of letters. In 1803 he settled at Greta Hall, near Keswick, where he resided till the period of his death. He was appointed poet-laureate in 1813. A civil-list pension of £300 was conferred on him in 1835. His death took place in March 1843.

### LOVE NEVER FAILETH.


THEY sin who tell us love can die:  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vault of hell:

Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they had their birth;  
But love is indestructible:  
Its holy flame for ever burneth;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times distrest,  
It here is tried and purified,  
It hath in heaven its perfect rest;  
It soweth here in toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.  
O ! when the mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for all her fears,  
The anxious day, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, pains, and tears,  
An over-payment of delight ?

---

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

---

HOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in July 1777, and educated at the University of that city. He wrote verses from boyhood, and produced, in his 22d year, his immortal poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*. After a few years' residence in the Scottish capital, he proceeded to London in 1803. A civil-list pension of £200 was conferred on him during the premiership of Charles Fox ; but this annuity was largely supplemented by sums which he continued to receive from the sale of his works, and as a contributor



to the leading periodicals. In 1825 he aided Lord Brougham in establishing the London University. He was in the following year elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—an honour repeated on two subsequent occasions. He died at Boulogne, in July 1844, in his 67th year. His remains are interred in Westminster Abbey.

#### THE NATIVITY.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion hill ;  
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night,  
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light :

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice, of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky ;  
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and sung :


O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, mercy from her golden urn,  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
Behold, she binds with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
 Bids Satan and his host depart ;  
 Again the day-star gilds the gloom,  
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
 The joys of nature rise again,  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

## THOMAS MOORE.

HOMAS MOORE was born at Dublin on the 28th of May 1779. Educated at Trinity College, he there graduated in 1798. He subsequently prosecuted legal studies in London. In 1804 he was appointed registrar of Bermuda, but he speedily relinquished this post. He had appeared as a poet in 1800 ; and he now resolved to devote himself to the profession of letters. A lengthened brilliant career as a poet was acknowledged in 1835, by his receiving a civil-list pension of £300. He died on the 26th of February 1852. His memoirs and correspondence have been published in eight octavo volumes, under the editorial care of Lord John Russell.

### GOD THE ONLY COMFORTER.

O THOU ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, when deceived and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to Thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe,

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too !

Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,  
Our peace-branch from above !

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shews us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

---

THE GLORY OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.  
When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven :  
Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.


When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes:  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes,  
 Is born beneath that kindling Eye.  
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
 And all things bright and fair are Thine.

---

## RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

---

N eminent clergyman and theological writer, Ralph Wardlaw was born at Dalkeith, Mid-Lothian, on the 22d of December 1779. In his twelfth year he entered the University of Glasgow ; he subsequently became a student of the Secession Church. As a preacher, he joined the Congregationalists, under the auspices of the Brothers Haldane, and was in 1803 ordained to the pastorate of a chapel in Albion Street, Glasgow. In 1811 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the Glasgow Theological Academy of the Congregationalist church. He died at Glasgow on the 17th December 1853. Dr Wardlaw edited a collection of hymns for the use of the Scottish Congregationalists.

## PRAISE FOR DIVINE GOODNESS.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,

Whose breath our souls inspired :  
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,  
With grateful ardour fired.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,

Whose tender care sustains  
Our feeble frame, encompassed round  
With death's unnumbered pains.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,

Whose goodness, passing thought,  
Loads every minute as it flies,  
With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,

From whom salvation flows ;  
Who sent His Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,

For hope's transporting ray,  
Which lights through darkest shades of death  
To realms of endless day.

---

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

CONTEMPLATE, saints, the source divine,

Whence all your joys have flowed :  
With wondering minds, and praising hearts,  
' Behold the Lamb of God ! '

Redeemed from wrath, and from the stroke

Of Heaven's avenging rod,  
Pouring his precious blood for you,  
' Behold the Lamb of God ! '

Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt,  
And sin's afflicting load,  
To Jesus' blood you owe your grace,  
'Behold the Lamb of God!'

With holy mind, and heart renewed,  
Run ye the narrow road;  
His sprinkled blood has cleansed your souls,  
'Behold the Lamb of God!'


Each heavenly blessing ye receive,  
Through Jesus is bestowed;  
In every good your souls possess,  
'Behold the Lamb of God!'

Hope ye in heaven with God at last  
To find your blessed abode?  
Still, as the ground of all your hopes,  
'Behold the Lamb of God!'

---

## GERARD T. NOEL.

---

 HE second son of Sir Gerard Noel, Baronet, and the Baroness Barnham, the subject of this notice was born on the 2d December 1782. He studied at the Universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge. Devoting himself to the sacred profession, he held a succession of livings in the Church of England. He was ordained to the curacy of Radwell, Hertfordshire, and was latterly appointed vicar of Romsey, and a canon of the Cathedral of Winchester. He died at

Romsey on the 24th February 1851. A man of earnest piety and unobtrusive merit, he devoted his best energies to the discharge of ministerial duty. His younger brother, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, is well known for his Christian devotedness.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

IF human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie ;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh :

O ! shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him who died, our fears to quell,  
Our more than orphan's woe !


While yet His anguished soul surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee ;  
What love His latest words displayed—  
'Meet and remember me !'

Remember Thee ! Thy death, Thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share !  
O Memory, leave no other name  
But His recorded there !



## BISHOP HEBER.

---

EGINALD HEBER, D.D., was born in April 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire. He studied at Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of All Souls' College. Early in the century he obtained the church-living of Hodnet. In 1823 he was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta. He died while bathing at Tirutchinopoli, on the 2d of April 1826. His various publications are held in much esteem, and some of his spiritual songs have justly attained a high degree of popularity.

### MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone !



Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.  
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole.  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

---

## THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.  
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!  
Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

---

CHRISTIAN HYMN.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows !  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo, such the child, whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod ;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age,  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
 Within Thy Father's shrine !  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike divine.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own !

## HELP, LORD ! OR WE PERISH.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is  
streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleam-  
ing,  
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,  
We fly to our Maker : 'Help, Lord ! or we perish.'  
O Jesus ! once rocked on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow ;  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, 'Help, Lord ! or we perish.'  
And oh ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,  
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish ;  
Rebuke the destroyer : 'Help, Lord ! or we perish.'

## DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore  
thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the  
gloom.  
Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.  
Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,  
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the sera-  
phim's song ;

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore  
 thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and  
 guide;  
 He gave thee, and took thee, and he will restore thee,  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

---

THE BELIEVER'S PRAYER.

LORD ! whose love in power excelling,  
 Washed the leper's stain away ;  
 Jesus ! from thy heavenly dwelling,  
 Hear us, help us, when we pray.

From the filth of vice and folly,  
 From infuriate passions' rage;  
 Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,  
 Heedless youth, and selfish age:

From the lusts whose deep pollutions  
 Adam's ancient taint disclose;  
 From the tempter's dark intrusions,  
 Restless doubt, and blind repose:

From the miser's cursed treasure,  
 From the drunkard's jest obscene;  
 From the world—its pomp and pleasure,  
 Jesus ! Master ! make us clean !

---

PRAYER FOR DIVINE MERCY.

OH blest were the accents of early creation,  
 When the word of Jehovah came down from above,  
 In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,  
 And wake their cold atoms to life and to love !

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,  
When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the  
wind,  
By lightning and hail, and thick darkness attended,  
He uttered on Sinai his laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of heaven,  
Though poor his apparel, though earthly his frame,  
Who said to the mourner, 'Thy sins are forgiven !'  
'Be whole' to the sick, and 'Be still' to the storm.


O Judge of the world, when arrayed in thy glory,  
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,  
While nature stands trembling and naked before thee,  
And waits on thy sentence to live or to die.

When the heaven shall fly fast from the sound of Thy  
thunder,  
And the sun in thy lightning grow languid and  
pale,  
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave  
asunder—  
In the hour of thy terrors, let mercy prevail !



## BERNARD BARTON.

---

ERNARD BARTON was born at London in 1784. He was employed in a banking establishment at Woodbridge, Suffolk, from his twenty-second year till within a short period of his decease. In 1812 he appeared as a poet; he subsequently published several poetical works, chiefly of a religious character. He died in February 1849. For some years he enjoyed a literary pension of £100 per annum.

### THE LORD REIGNETH.

BE glad, ye heavens, thou earth, rejoice,  
Man, spread through every nation,  
With joyful and triumphant voice,  
The Gospel of salvation :  
Publish His glory and His praise,  
Whose word His works sustaineth,  
And gratefully this anthem raise,  
Rejoice ! The Lord yet reigneth !  
Before His footstool prostrate fall,  
Whose gracious bounty giveth  
To each created object, all  
On which enjoyment liveth :  
From him alone each good descends,  
His arm each ill restraineth ;  
Then tell to earth's remotest ends,  
The Lord in glory reigneth !  
Praise Him, for all that ye possess,  
Of riches, glory, power ;  
Ye who have neither, yet may bless  
His goodness every hour :

His watchful and protecting eye,  
The meanest ne'er disdaineth ;  
Raise, then, ye poor, your voice on high,  
For you, for you He reigneth !

But chiefly for salvation's gift,  
Of which He is the donor,  
Angels and men your voices lift  
In songs of praise and honour :  
O sing with gratitude His name,  
Whose death our life remaineth ;  
The love of Jesus loud proclaim,  
And say, The Lord still reigneth !

---

#### CHRISTIAN PURITY.

OH for that purity of heart,  
The Gospel only can impart ;  
To those who gratefully receive  
Its teachings, and its word believe.

This is the purity, whose power  
In dark temptation's trying hour,  
Can still unchangeably endure,  
And, pure itself, make all things pure.

Stainless appears the mountain's snow,  
Transparent seems the brook below ;  
Faultless the opening flower—the dew  
Which gems it—as unsullied, too.

But rains soon dim the mountains hear,  
The troubled stream runs clear no more ;  
The floweret in the dust is soiled,  
The dew-drop by the sun despoiled.

Does purity adorn with grace  
The happy infant's smiling face?  
It does—and cold their hearts must prove  
Who look not on such face with love.

Yet mountain snows and crystal streams,  
And flowers which ope to morn's bright beams;  
And dew-drops which those sunbeams dry,  
Are types of nature's purity.

While that which God alone can give,  
Life's shifting changes shall outlive;  
And give the 'pure in heart,' through grace,  
To see their Maker face to face.

---

#### A CHRISTIAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

He who would win a warrior's fame  
Must shun, with ever-watchful aim,  
    Entangling things of life;  
His couch the earth, heaven's arching dome  
His airy tent—his only home  
    The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,  
Uncumbered by the battle's spoil,  
    No dangers must affright;  
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease,  
Intent alone his chief to please,  
    Who called him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be  
Worthy that epithet, stand free  
    From time's encumb'ring things;  
Be earth's enthrallments feared, abhorred;  
Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,  
    Thy Chief, the King of kings.




Still use, as not abusing, all  
Which fetters worldlings by its thrall :  
    With fame, with power, with pelf,  
With joy or grief, with hope or fear,  
Whose origin and end are here,  
    Entangle not thyself.

These close enough will round thee cling,  
Without thy tight'ning every string  
    Which binds them to thy heart :  
Despise them not—this thankless were,  
But while partaking them, prepare  
    From each and all to part.

---

## SIR ROBERT GRANT.

---

IR ROBERT GRANT, the second son of Charles Grant, an esteemed philanthropist, was born in 1785. He studied at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1806. During the year following, he became a member of the English bar. In 1826, he entered Parliament as member for the Inverness burghs; he subsequently sat for other places. He was sworn a privy-councillor in 1831, and was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1834. He died in India in December 1838. Sir Robert published several works on India. A volume of poems from his pen was published, subsequent to his decease, by his elder brother, Lord Glenelg.

## COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do :  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Despised by those I prized too well ;  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;  
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

---

#### GLORY AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above !  
O gratefully sing His power and His love !  
Our Shield and Defender—the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.  
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;  
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.  
Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills, it descends from the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !  
O measureless might ! ineffable love,  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

## BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

O SAVIOUR ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,  
Has chastened my wanderings, and guided my way ;  
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,  
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,  
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy ;  
And still, in displeasure, Thy goodness was there,  
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below,  
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the  
beam ;  
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe,  
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,  
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed ;  
And still did this eager and credulous heart,  
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to part.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven  
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the  
morn ;  
Thou shew'dst me the path, it was dark and uneven ;  
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,  
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave ;  
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown ;  
I asked, and thou shew'dst me a cross and a grave.


Subdued and instructed at length to Thy will,  
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;  
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,  
Nor know of a wish nor a pleasure but Thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,  
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;  
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;  
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

---

## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

---

 HE son of a butcher at Nottingham, Henry Kirke White was born on the 21st March 1785. He was some time employed as a stocking-weaver ; he subsequently was removed to an attorney's office. Acquiring a competent knowledge of the classics, he was admitted to St John's College, Cambridge. His health became enfeebled by incessant study, and he died on the 19th of October 1806. His poetical memoirs, edited by Southey, have secured him an honourable place among British poets.

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the mighty plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem ;  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The star, the star of Bethlehem !

---

#### THE HIDING-PLACE.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,  
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;  
We sing the Saviour of our race,  
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,  
And thunders clothe his cloudy car ;  
Where, where, O where ! shall man retire,  
T' escape the horrors of his ire ?

'Tis he, the Lamb, to Him we fly,  
While the dread tempest passes by ;  
God sees his Well-beloved's face,  
And spares us, in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,  
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;  
To Him, though guilty, still we run,  
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,  
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;  
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,  
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage ! days and years will glide,  
And we shall lay these clods aside ;  
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,  
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,  
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;  
Shall meet the Father face to face,  
And need no more a hiding-place.

---

#### A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O LORD ! another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before Thy throne,  
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours ?  
Thou wilt ? for Thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.


And, Jesus, thou Thy smile wilt deign,  
As we before Thee pray ;  
For Thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

Oh! let Thy grace perform its part,  
 And let contention cease;  
 And shed abroad in every heart  
 Thine everlasting peace!  
 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,  
 A flock by Jesus led;  
 The sun of holiness shall shine  
 In glory on our head.  
 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
 And thou wilt bless our way,  
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
 The dawn of lasting day.

---

---

## JOSEPH IRONS.

 JOSEPH IRONS was born at Ware, Hertfordshire, on the 5th November 1785. Having preached for four years under the auspices of the London Itinerant Society, he was ordained, in 1812, to an Independent Church at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. In 1815 he was translated to Sawston, near Cambridge; he was finally removed, in 1813, to Camberwell, Surrey. He died at Camberwell on the 3d of April 1852. Among several theological works, he published two volumes of *Spiritual Songs*.

### THE SHIP.

On life's tempestuous ocean glides  
 A vessel, built by God;  
 Midst rocks and shoals, and swelling tides,  
 She spreads her sails abroad.



Her mariners, Jehovah chose,  
Her pilot is the Lord ;  
She touches islands as she goes  
Sinners to take on board.

Truth is her compass, love her sail,  
And heavenly grace her store ;  
The Spirit's influence the gale  
That wafts her to the shore.

Nor winds nor waves her progress check,  
Her course she must pursue ;  
And though she often fears a wreck,  
She's saved, with all her crew.


On boards and broken pieces tost,  
And death each hour at hand ;  
Yet none who trust to Christ are lost,  
But all come safe to land.

Each soul to Christ the Lord is given,  
And purchased with His blood ;  
The vessel is insured in heaven,  
And God will make it good.

---

## PROFESSOR WILSON.

---

 ONE of the most heart-stirring of Scottish writers, and an elegant poet, John Wilson was born at Paisley, on the 18th May 1785. He was educated at Glasgow University and Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1808, having succeeded, by his father's demise, to an ample fortune, he purchased the beautiful estate of

Ellerlay, in Westmoreland. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1815, but he did not seek practice as a lawyer. In 1816, he appeared as the author of *The City of the Plague*, a dramatic poem ; in the following year, he became one of the original staff of contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His reputation as an able and accomplished writer secured him, in 1820, the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He died at Edinburgh on the 3d of April 1854. As a contributor to periodical literature, Wilson will find admirers while the English language is understood.

## MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

THE air of death breathes through our souls,  
The dead all round us lie ;  
By day and night the death-bell tolls,  
And says, 'Prepare to die.'

The face that in the morning sun  
We thought so wondrous fair,  
Hath faded ere his course was run,  
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave,  
With thin locks silvery gray ;  
I see the child's bright tresses wave  
In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,  
Like music, all are gone ;  
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest  
Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said,  
The life of life departs ;  
The body in the grave is laid,  
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet,  
Like fragrance fill the room ;  
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,  
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,  
From whose dear side they came ;  
We veil our eyes before Thy light,  
We bless our Saviour's name !


This frame of dust, this feeble breath,  
The plague may soon destroy ;  
We think on Thee, and feel in death  
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years,  
In the glory yet to come ;  
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !  
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children, for some bauble fair,  
That weep themselves to rest ;  
We part with life—awake ! and there  
The jewel in our breast.



## CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES.

AROLINE ANNE BOWLES was born in 1786. In 1820 she first appeared as an author; she subsequently attained wide celebrity as a poet. She became, in 1839, the second wife of the poet Southey. Her death took place in 1854. Her poetry is characterised by simplicity and gracefulness.

### THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner,  
Christian—God-speed thee;  
Let loose the rudder-bands,  
Good angels lead thee.  
Set thy sails warily,  
Tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily,  
Christian, steer home.

Look to the weather-bow,  
Breakers are round thee;  
Let fall the plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee.  
Reef in the foresail, there,  
Hold the helm fast;  
So—let the vessel wear,  
There swept the blast.

‘What of the night, watchman?’  
‘What of the night?’  
‘Cloudy—all quiet,  
No land yet—all’s right.’

Be wakeful, be vigilant ;  
Danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth  
Securest to thee.

How ! gains the leak so fast ?  
Clear out the hold ;  
Hoist up thy merchandise,  
Heave out thy gold.  
There—let the ingots go,  
Now the ship rights ;  
Hurrah ! the harbour 's near,  
Lo ! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet,  
At inlet or island ;  
Straight for the beacon steer,  
Straight for the high land.  
Crowd all thy canvas on,  
Cut through the foam ;  
Christian ! cast anchor now,  
Heaven is thy home.

---

#### THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, bow the head,  
In reverent silence bow ;  
No passing bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,  
With lowly reverence bow ;  
There 's one in that poor shed,  
One by that paltry bed,  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo, death doth keep his state ;  
Enter, no crowds attend,  
Enter, no guards defend  
    *This* palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,  
No smiling courtiers tread ;  
One silent woman stands,  
Lifting, with meagre hands,  
    A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,  
An infant wail alone ;  
A sob suppressed—again  
That short deep gasp—and then,  
    The parting groan.


Oh ! change—oh, wondrous change !  
Burst are the prison bars—  
This moment *there*, so low,  
So agonized—and now  
    Beyond the stars.

Oh ! change—stupendous change !  
There lies the soulless clod ;  
The sun eternal breaks—  
The new immortal wakes—  
    Wakes with his God.



## LORD BYRON.

---

OTWITHSTANDING the grave errors of his life, George Gordon (Lord Byron), cannot be justly denied a place among the writers of sacred minstrelsy. He was born at London on the 22d January 1788. Under the care of his mother, he spent his early years at Aberdeen ; he afterwards became a pupil in a private school at Dulwich. After some preliminary studies at Harrow, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1805. His *Hours of Idleness*, a volume of juvenile poems, appeared in 1807. By the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* in 1812, he was at once recognised as the master-poet of the age. He married in 1812, but the union was unhappy. He subsequently resided on the continent ; his death took place at Missolonghi, in Greece, on the 19th April 1824, in his 37th year.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.


Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.  
And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.  
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Asher are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

---

## WILLIAM KNOX.

---

 WILLIAM KNOX was born at Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, on the 17th August 1789. Unsuccessful as a farmer in Dumfriesshire, he removed to Edinburgh, along with his parents, in 1820. He subsequently obtained employment as a contributor to the public journals. His death took place at Edinburgh on the 12th November 1825, in his 37th year. Knox is the author of three volumes of poems, respectively entitled, *The Lonely Hearth*; *The Songs of Israel*; and the *Harp of Zion*.



## THE DAY OF MOURNING.

Oh ! weep not for the joys that fade  
Like evening lights away ;  
For hopes, that like the stars decayed,  
Have left thy mortal day ;  
For clouds of sorrow will depart,  
And brilliant skies be given ;  
And though on earth the tear may start,  
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart  
Amid the bowers of heaven.

Oh ! weep not for the friends that pass  
Into the lonesome grave,  
As breezes sweep the withered grass  
Along the restless wave ;  
For though thy pleasures may depart,  
And darksome days be given,  
And lonely though on earth thou art,  
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart  
When friends rejoin in heaven.

---

MORTALITY.

Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?  
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud ;  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life, to his rest in the grave.  
The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid ;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.  
The child that a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection hath proved ;  
The husband and mother, that infant that blest  
Each—all are away, to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose  
eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by ;  
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn ;  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,  
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away, like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven ;  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,  
That wither away to let others succeed ;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen ;  
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,  
And we run the same course that our fathers have  
run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think,  
From the death we are shrinking, they too would shrink ;  
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold ;  
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;  
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may  
 come ;  
 They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died ! ay, they died ! and we things that are now,  
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow ;  
 Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
 Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,  
 Are mingled together, like sunshine and rain ;  
 And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.


'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death ;  
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,  
 Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud.

---

---

## JOSIAH CONDER.

---

N extensive prose writer and sacred poet,  
 Josiah Conder was born at London, on the  
 17th September 1789. A publisher in the  
 metropolis, he became, in 1814, proprietor of  
 the *Eclectic Review*; he retired from business  
 in 1819, but retained the management of  
 the *Review* till 1837. Subsequent to 1824, he com-  
 posed a series of descriptive works, which appeared in  
 thirty volumes, under the designation of *The Modern*

*Traveller.* In 1833 he became editor of the *Patriot* newspaper, which he conducted till the period of his death. His demise took place on the 27th December 1855. Conder edited the *Congregationalist Hymn-Book*, which appeared in 1836.

## COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

WHEN in the hour of lonely woe,  
I give my sorrow leave to flow;  
And anxious fear, and dark distrust,  
Weigh down my spirit to the dust:

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid  
Can heal the wounds the world has made,  
Oh! this shall check each rising sigh,  
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care,  
My safety and my comforts are;  
And He shall guide me all my days,  
Till glory crown the work of grace.


Jesus! in whom but Thee above,  
Can I repose my trust, my love?  
And shall an earthly object be  
Loved in comparison with Thee?

My flesh is hastening to decay,  
Soon shall the world have passed away;  
And what can mortal friends avail,  
When heart, and strength, and life, shall fail!

But oh! be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,  
And I will triumph while I die;  
My strength, my portion, is divine,  
And Jesus is for ever mine.

## CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

---

N eminent Christian writer, Charlotte Elizabeth was born at Norwich, on the 1st October 1790. She was the only daughter of Michael Browne, Rector of St Giles' parish, in that city. At an early period, she became the wife of George Phelan, of the 60th Rifle corps, and he dying in 1837, she afterwards accepted the hand of L. N. J. Tonna. Her death took place at Ramsgate, on the 12th July 1846. The numerous religious writings of Charlotte Elizabeth are held in high estimation.

### PARTING.

WHILE to several paths dividing,  
We our pilgrimage pursue,  
May Jehovah, safely guiding,  
Keep His scattered flock in view.

May the bond of sweet communion  
Every distant soul embrace ;  
Till, in everlasting union,  
We attain our resting-place.

Oh, 'tis sweet, each other abiding,  
In companionship to move ;  
One pure flame, and heart pervading,  
One our Lord, our faith, our love.

Sweet when each can bend, imploring,  
Med'cine for his brother's pain ;  
Or, the stumbling foot restoring,  
Cheer him to the race again.

Here, a passing breath may sever  
Friends in dearest union tied ;  
But created power shall never  
Tear us from our Saviour's side.

Life and death, and hell combining,  
Present things, and things to come,  
Cannot cloud the promise shining,  
Cannot bar us from our home.


Now we part in tearful sadness,  
Bearing forth the precious grain ;  
We shall yet, in mirth and gladness,  
Bring our harvest sheaves again.

Thus, while fond affection weepeth,  
Faith exalts her cheering voice ;  
He that soweth, he that reapeth,  
Will together soon rejoice.

---

## DAVID VEDDER.

---

AVID VEDDER was born in 1790, at Burness, in Orkney. He was originally employed in the nautical profession ; he subsequently entered the revenue-service, in which he attained a respectable position. He published several poetical works, and contributed extensively to periodical literature. He died at Edinburgh on the 11th February 1854, in his 64th year.

## THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

TALK not of temples—there is one  
Built without hands, to mankind given ;  
Its lamps are the meridian sun,  
And all the stars of heaven.  
Its walls are the cerulean sky,  
Its floor the earth, so green and fair ;  
The dome is vast immensity—  
All nature worships there !

The Alps, arrayed in stainless snow,  
The Andean ranges yet untrod,  
At sunrise and at sunset glow  
Like altar-fires to God !  
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,  
As if with hallowed victims rare ;  
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—  
All nature worships there.

The ocean heaves resistlessly,  
And pours his glittering treasure forth ;  
His waves—the priesthood of the sea,  
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth.  
And there emit a hollow sound,  
As if they murmured praise and prayer ;  
On every side 'tis holy ground—  
All nature worships there !

The grateful earth her odours yield  
In homage, Mighty One ! to Thee ;  
From herbs and flowers in every field,  
From fruit on every tree.  
The balmy dew, at morn and even,  
Seems, like the penitential tear,  
Shed only in the sight of heaven—  
All nature worships there !


The cedar and the mountain-pine,  
 The willow on the fountain's brim,  
 The tulip and the eglantine,  
 In reverence bend to Him !  
 The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,  
 From tower and tree and middle air ;  
 The rushing river murmurs praise—  
 All nature worships there !

Then talk not of a fane, save one,  
 Built without hands, to mankind given ;  
 Its lamps are the meridian sun,  
 And all the stars of heaven.  
 Its walls are the cerulean sky,  
 Its floor the earth, so green and fair ;  
 The dome is vast immensity—  
 All nature worships there !

---

## MRS HEMANS.

---

ILICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born at Liverpool on the 25th September 1794. From the age of nine she composed verses, and in her fourteenth year, published a volume of poems. In 1812, she published her second volume, entitled *Domestic Affections*, and in the same year, married Captain Hemans. After some years, her husband removed to Italy, leaving her to undertake the upbringing of their five sons. She continued to devote herself to poetical composition, and her numerous lyrics are to be



remarked for their genuine pathos, and gracefulness alike of expression and thought. After residing in different parts of Britain, she took up her abode at Dublin, where she died on the 16th May 1835.

#### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath;  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O death!

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath;  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O death!

## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST

FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,  
And baffled in their skill;  
But One was there, who rose and said  
To the wild sea, 'Be still!'

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word  
Passed through the gloomy sky;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And sank beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
And silence on the blast,  
As when the righteous fall asleep,  
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou, that didst rule the angry hour,  
And tame the tempest's mood,  
Oh! send Thy spirit forth in power,  
O'er our dark souls to brood.

Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,  
Thy mandates to fulfil,  
So speak to passion's raging tide,  
Speak, and say 'Peace, be still!'

---

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently;

Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest-work to leave—  
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !  
Traveller in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !  
Warrior, that from battle won,  
Breathless now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
Weeping on his burial plain :  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

---

## THE CHILD OF NATURE.

O ! blest are thou whose steps may rove  
Through the green paths of vale and grove ;  
Or, leaving all their charms below,  
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow.  
And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,  
And cities with their stately fanes ;  
And forests that beneath thee lie,  
And ocean mingling with the sky.  
For man can shew thee nought so fair  
As nature's sacred marvels there ;  
And if thy pure and artless breast  
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,  
For thee the gale in summer blows;  
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,  
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul  
Can soar to Him who made the whole;  
If to thine eye the simplest flower  
Portray His bounty and His power.

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,  
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand;  
If nature's music bid thee raise  
Thy song of gratitude and praise.

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,  
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought;  
If there thou lov'st His love to read,  
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed!

---

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw  
Into the bitter wave?  
Left it no scion where it grew,  
The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power  
Its precious foliage shed?  
Is there no distant eastern bower,  
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?


Nay, wherefore ask? since gifts are ours,  
Which yet may well imbue  
Earth's many troubled founts with showers  
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief,  
Let faith's deep spirit be ;  
And every prayer shall win a leaf  
From that blessed healing tree !

---

## DANIEL WEIR.

---

ANIEL WEIR was born at Greenock on the 31st of March 1796. From 1815, he conducted business as a bookseller in his native place, till his death, which took place on the 11th November 1831. Weir wrote many excellent verses, chiefly of a serious description, and was the editor of several collections of sacred poetry published in Glasgow.

### COULD WE BUT LOOK BEYOND OUR SPHERE.

COULD we but look beyond our sphere,  
And trace, along the azure sky,  
The myriads that were inmates here,  
Since Abel's spirit soared on high ;  
Then might we tell of those who see  
Our wanderings from eternity !

But human frailty cannot gaze  
On such a cloud of splendid lights  
As heaven's sacred court displays,  
Of blessed spirits clothed in white,  
Who from the fears of death are free,  
And look from an eternity.

They look, but ne'er return again  
To tell the secrets of their home;  
And kindest tears for them are vain,  
For never, never shall they come,  
Till time's pale light begin to flee  
Before a bright eternity.

Could we but gaze beyond our sphere,  
Within the golden porch of heaven,  
And see those spirits, which appear  
Like stars upon the robe of even.  
But, no; unseen to us, they see  
Our wanderings from eternity.

The crimes of men which heaven saw,  
And pitied with a parent's eye,  
Could ne'er a kindred spirit draw  
In mercy from its home on high.  
They look, but all they know or see  
Is silent as eternity.

At noonday hour, or midnight deep,  
No bright inhabitant draws nigh;  
And though a parent's offspring weep,  
No whisper echoes from the sky.  
Though friends may gaze, yet all they see  
Is known but in eternity.

Yet we may look beyond our sphere,  
On one who shines among the throng;  
And we, by faith, may also hear  
The triumphs of a glorious song.  
And while we gaze on Him, we see  
The path to this eternity.

## IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile  
Shines bright on our path, we may dream we are  
blest ;

We may look on the world as a gay fairy isle,  
Where sorrow's unknown, and the weary have rest.

But the brightness that shone, and the hopes we  
enjoyed,

Are clouded ere morn, and soon vanish away ;  
While the dark beating tempest on life's stormy tide,  
Obscures all the sweets of the morning's bright ray.

Then where are those bowers, in some gay happy  
plain,

Where hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye  
true ;

Where the brightness of morning shines on but to gain  
A sunshine as bright and as promising too ?

Oh ! ask for it not in this valley of sighs,

Where we smile but to weep, and we ne'er can find  
rest ;

For the world we would wish shines afar in the skies,  
Where sorrow's unknown—'tis the home of the  
blest.

---

OH ! WEEP NOT THUS.

Oh ! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,  
Still, still as the grave, in silence sleeps on ;

'Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmoved,  
And the beat of that bosom for ever is gone.

Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest,  
When the wanderer sleeps on his couch of rest.

The world to him, with its sorrows and sighs,  
Has fled like a dream when the morn appears,  
While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,  
No more to revisit this valley of tears.  
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest,  
When the wanderer sleeps on his couch of rest.

Few, few were his years, but had they been more,  
The sunshine which smiled might have vanished  
away ;  
And he might have fallen on some friendless shore,  
Or been wrecked amidst storms in some desolate bay.  
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest,  
When the wanderer sleeps on his couch of rest.

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh is the morn,  
Was the child of thy heart while he lingered here ;  
But now from thy love, from thine arms he is torn,  
Yet to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere.  
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest,  
When the wanderer sleeps on his couch of rest.

How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,  
Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and woes ;  
Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more  
Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose.  
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest,  
When the wanderer sleeps on his couch of rest.

Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,  
When the night-cloud has lowered o'er a sorrowful  
day ?  
Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,  
When perils and toils encompassed his way ?  
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest,  
When the wanderer sleeps on his couch of rest.



## THE DYING HOUR.


WHY does the day, whose date is brief,  
Smile sadly o'er the western sea ?  
Why does the brown autumnal leaf  
Hang restless on its parent tree ?  
Why does the rose, with drooping head,  
Send richer fragrance from the bower ?  
Their golden time of life had fled,  
It was their dying hour.

Why does the swan's melodious song  
Come thrilling on the gentle gale ?  
Why does the lamb, which strayed along,  
Lie down to tell its mournful tale ?  
Why does the deer, when wounded, fly  
To the lone vale where night-clouds lower ?  
Their time was past, they lived to die,  
It was their dying hour.

Why does the dolphin change its hues,  
Like that ærial child of light ?  
Why does the cloud of night repose,  
To meet the morn with beams so bright ?  
Why does the man we saw to-day,  
To-morrow fade like some sweet flower ?  
All earth can give must pass away,  
It was their dying hour.



## LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

EMOTELY descended from the Norman family of Rawdon, Lady Flora Hastings was the eldest daughter of Earl Moira, afterwards created Marquis of Hastings. Her mother, Flora Campbell, was Countess of Loudoun in her own right; she married Earl Moira in 1804. The issue of this union, Lady Flora, was born at Edinburgh on the 11th February 1806. On attaining womanhood, she was appointed lady of the bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. She died, unmarried, on the 5th July 1839. A posthumous volume of poems from her pen was published in 1841, by her surviving sister, the Marchioness of Bute.

### THE RAINBOW.

SOFT glowing in uncertain birth,  
    'Twixt nature's smiles and tears,  
The bow, O Lord, which Thou has bent,  
    Bright in the cloud appears.  
The portal of thy dwelling-place,  
    That pure arch seems to be;  
And, as I bless its mystic light,  
    My spirit turns to thee!

Thus, gleaming o'er a guilty world,  
    We hail the ray of love;  
Thus dawns upon the contrite soul  
    Thy mercy from above.

And as thy faithful promise speaks  
Repentant sin forgiven,  
In humble hope, we bless the beam  
That points the way to heaven.

---

## THANK-OFFERING.

In every place, in every hour,  
Whate'er my wayward lot may be,  
In joy or grief, in sun or shower,  
Father and Lord, I turn to thee.

Thee, when the incense-breathing flowers  
Pour forth the worship of the spring,  
With the glad tenants of the bowers  
My trembling accents strive to sing.

Thee, when upon the frozen strand  
Winter, begirt with storms, descends ;  
Thee, Lord, I hail, whose gracious hand  
O'er all a guardian care extends.

Thee, when the golden harvests yield  
Their treasure to increase our store ;  
Thee, when through ether's gloomy field  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar.

Thee, when athwart the azure sky  
Thy starry hosts their mazes lead ;  
And when Thou sheddest, from on high,  
Thy dewdrops on the flowery mead.


Thee, when my cup of bliss o'erflows ;  
Thee, when my heart's best joys are fled ;  
Thee, when my breast exulting glows ;  
Thee, while I bend beside the dead.

Alike in joy and in distress,  
 Oh! let me trace Thy hand divine;  
 Righteous in chast'ning, prompt to bless,  
 Still, Father, may Thy will be mine.

---

## JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

---

 OHN HARRIS, D.D., was born in 1804 at Ugborough, Devonshire. In 1827, he was ordained to the ministry at Epsom. He was appointed, in 1837, to the theological chair at Cheshunt College; in 1850, he became Principal of the New College, St John's Wood. His death took place on the 21st December 1856. Dr Harris attained a wide celebrity as the author of several prize essays. One of these, entitled *Mammon*, commanded a sale in Britain of 50,000 copies.

### THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

How fair and how lovely it is to behold  
 The sun in its splendour approaching the west;  
 Its race is near run, and refulgent as gold,  
 It glides through the ether as hastening to rest.

It sinks—but in sinking 'tis only to rise,  
 Its splendour and glory afresh to display;  
 It sets—but in other and far-distant skies  
 It rises and reigns in the brightness of day.


Yet far more resplendent than this is the scene  
Of the good man approaching the confines of time ;  
All loving, all peaceful, all calm, and serene,  
He passes away with a brightness sublime.

He dies—but no pencil can ever display  
The splendour and glory that burst on his sight,  
As, guided by angels, he speeds on his way,  
Through the portals of praise to the temples of light.

---

## DUGALD MOORE.

---

UGALD MOORE, an ingenious poet, was born at Glasgow in 1805. He became a bookseller in that city, and there died in January 1841. He is the author of several volumes of most respectable poetry.

### WEEP NOT.

THOUGH this wild brain is aching,  
Spill not thy tears with mine ;  
Come to my heart, though breaking,  
Its firmest half is thine.  
Thou wert not made for sorrow,  
Then do not weep with me,  
There is a lovely morrow,  
That yet will dawn on thee.


When I am all forgotten—  
When in the grave I lie—  
When the heart that loved thee 's broken,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

Love's sunshine still will cheer thee,  
Unsullied, pure, and deep;  
For the God who's ever near thee,  
Will never see thee weep.

---

## CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

---

 HOPEFUL but short-lived poet, Charles Doyne Sillery was born at Athlone, Ireland, in March 1807. He attended medical classes at the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently purposed to study for the Church. His career was cut short by pulmonary consumption; he died at Edinburgh in May 1836. Sillery published several volumes of epic and lyric poetry.

### SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

SHE died in beauty ! like a rose  
Blown from its parent stem ;  
She died in beauty ! like a pearl  
Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty ! like a lay  
Along a moonlight lake ;  
She died in beauty ! like the song  
Of birds amid the brake.


She died in beauty ! like the snow  
On flowers dissolved away ;  
She died in beauty ! like a star  
Lost on the brow of day.

She *lives* in glory ! like night's gems  
Set round the silver moon ;  
She lives in glory ! like the sun  
Amid the blue of June !

---

## JOHN BETHUNE.

---

 OHN BETHUNE, a lettered peasant, was born at Monimail, Fifeshire, in 1810. Along with an elder brother, of kindred tastes, he cultivated literature in circumstances of penury. He died in September 1839, in his thirtieth year. A volume of poems from his pen was published in 1840.

### A SPRING SONG.

THERE is a concert in the trees,  
There is a concert on the hill ;  
There's melody in every breeze,  
And music in the murmuring rill.  
The shower is past, the winds are still,  
The fields are green, the flow'rets spring,  
The birds and bees, and beetles fill  
The air with harmony, and fling  
The rosied moisture of the leaves  
In frolic flight from wing to wing,  
Fretting the spider as he weaves  
His airy web from bough to bough ;  
In vain the little artist grieves,  
Their joy in his destruction now.

Alas ! that, in a scene so fair,  
The meanest being e'er should feel  
The gloomy shadow of despair,  
Or sorrow o'er his bosom steal :  
But in a world where woe is real,  
Each rank in life, and every day,  
Must pain and suffering reveal,  
And wretched mourners in decay;  
When nations smile o'er battles won,  
When banners wave and streamers play,  
The lonely mother mourns her son  
Left lifeless on the bloody clay;  
And the poor widow, all undone,  
Sees the wild revel with dismay.

The joyous spring and summer gay,  
With perfumed gifts together meet,  
And, from the rosy lips of May,  
Breathe music soft and odours sweet.  
And still my eyes delay my feet,  
To gaze upon the earth and heaven,  
And hear the happy birds repeat  
Their anthems to the coming even.  
Yet is my pleasure incomplete,  
I grieve to think how few are given  
To feel the pleasures I possess,  
While thousand hearts, by sorrow riven,  
Must pine in utter loneliness,  
Or be to desperation driven.

Oh ! could we find some happy land,  
Some Eden of the deep blue sea,  
By gentle breezes only fanned,  
Upon whose soil, from sorrow free,  
Grew only pure felicity !  
Who would not brave the stormiest main,




Within that blissful isle to be,  
Exempt from sight or sense of pain ?  
There is a land we cannot see,  
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray ;  
And yet, so narrow is the road,  
From it our spirits ever stray—  
Shed light upon that path, O God !  
And lead us in the appointed way.

There only joy shall be complete,  
More high than mortal thoughts can reach,  
For there the just and good shall meet,  
Pure in affection, thought, and speech ;  
No jealousy shall make a breach,  
Nor pain their pleasure e'er alloy ;  
There, sunny streams of gladness stretch,  
And there the very air is joy.  
There shall the faithful, who relied  
On faithless love till life would cloy,  
And those who sorrowed, till they died  
O'er earthly pain and earthly woe,  
See Pleasure, like a whelming tide,  
From an unbounded ocean flow.

---

## ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

---

NE of the most earnest and devoted of modern Scottish preachers, Robert Murray M'Cheyne was born at Edinburgh, on the 21st of May 1813. He studied at the High School and University of his native city, and was licensed to preach in July 1835. After a period of ministerial employment in

the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace, Stirlingshire, he was, in November 1836, ordained to the pastoral charge of St Peter's church, Dundee. In 1839, he accompanied a deputation from the General Assembly on a mission to Palestine. He died, after a short illness, on the 25th March 1843. From his youth, he composed verses of a devotional character. Of his *Memoir and Remains*, upwards of 50,000 copies have been sold.

## JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

I ONCE was a stranger  
To grace and to God,  
I knew not my danger,  
And felt not my load ;  
Though friends spoke in rapture  
Of Christ on the tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu  
Was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure,  
To soothe or engage,  
Isaiah's wild measure,  
And John's simple page ;  
But even when they pictured  
The blood-sprinkled tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu  
Seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughter  
Of Zion that roll,  
I wept when the waters  
Went over his soul ;

Yet thought not that my sins  
Had nailed to the tree  
Jehovah Tsidkenu—  
'Twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me,  
By light from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me,  
I trembled to die ;  
Nor refuge, nor safety,  
In self could I see ;  
Jehovah Tsidkenu  
My Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished  
Before the sweet name,  
My guilty fears banished,  
With boldness I came  
To drink at the fountain,  
Life-giving and free—  
Jehovah Tsidkenu  
Is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu !  
My treasure and boast,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu !  
I ne'er can be lost ;  
In Thee I shall conquer  
By flood and by field,  
My cable, my anchor,  
My breast-plate, and shield !

Even treading the valley,  
The shadow of death,  
This 'watchword' shall rally  
My faltering breath ;

For while from life's fever  
My God sets me free,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu  
My death-song shall be.

---

## THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,  
Oh, Sea of Galilee !  
For the glorious One, who came to save,  
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow ;  
But thou hast loveliness far above  
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide,  
But He that was pierced to save from hell,  
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,  
And palms, in thy soft air,  
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose  
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm reposing sea ;  
But ah, far more ! the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past—Bethsaida, where ?  
Chorazin, where art thou ?  
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here ?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn  
How days of grace will flee,  
How all an offered Christ who spurn,  
Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea  
The new-risen Saviour said  
Three times to Simon—Lovest thou me ?  
My lambs and sheep then feed.

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand,  
Yet the same Saviour still ;  
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.

Oh ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threefold thy love divine,  
That I may feed, till I find my grave,  
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

---

#### REASONS WHY CHILDREN SHOULD COME TO CHRIST.

LIKE mist on the mountain,  
Like ships on the sea,  
So swiftly the years  
Of our pilgrimage flee ;  
In the grave of our fathers  
How soon we shall lie !  
Dear children, to-day  
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets  
In April and May !  
But often the frost makes  
Them wither away.  
Like flowers you may fade ;  
Are you ready to die ?  
While 'yet there is room,'  
To a Saviour fly.


When Samuel was young,  
He first knew the Lord,  
He slept in his smile,  
And rejoiced in His Word ;  
So most of God's children  
Are early brought nigh ;  
Oh, seek Him in youth—  
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure ?  
Then lean on His breast,  
For there the sin-laden  
And weary find rest.  
In the valley of death  
You will triumphing cry—  
'If this is called dying,  
'Tis pleasant to die.'



## GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

---

NE of the most powerful and versatile of living writers, Dr Croly was born in Dublin about the year 1785, and was educated at Trinity College in that city. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, for a period of forty years, has enriched British serial literature by his writings. He has published several volumes of excellent poetry. Dr Croly is rector of St Stephen's-with-Benets, Walbrook.

### TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead,  
From the dream of the world she has gone!  
On the stars in her glory to tread,  
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.


In youth she was lovely; and Time,  
When her rose with the cypress he twined,  
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,  
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth, and she died!  
Yet her parting was gentle, for those  
Whom she loved mingled tears at her side—  
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,  
But her spirit has gone on the wing  
To triumph for agony here,  
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

## THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

---

R THOMAS RAFFLES, minister of the Congregational chapel, Great George Street, Liverpool, was born at London on the 17th May 1788. He was ordained to the ministry at Hammersmith in 1809, and three years after was translated to his present charge. Dr Raffles is author of a volume of travels, and of some other prose works of a religious character. In connection with two friends, he has published a volume of poems.

### THE ONLY GROUND OF THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord !  
In Thee I put my trust ;  
Encouraged by Thy holy Word,  
A feeble child of dust.  
I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea ;  
And 'tis enough my Saviour died—  
My Saviour died for me !

When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil.  
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,  
My spirit flies to Thee ;  
Joy to my heart the thought affords—  
My Saviour died for me !



'Mid trials, heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain;  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body racked with pain.  
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,  
Bid every murmur flee?  
But this, the witness in my breast—  
My Saviour died for me!

And when Thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay;  
And life, in its last lingering sounds,  
Is ebbing fast away.  
Then, though it be in accents weak,  
And faint, and tremblingly;  
O give me strength in death to speak,  
My Saviour died for me!

---

#### THE POWER OF GOD.

SHALL mortal man, a child of earth,  
Who yesterday received his birth  
From God's all-bounteous hand;  
Shall he, while sojourning below,  
Presume th' Almighty's plans to know,  
His ways to understand?

He rides upon the stormy deep;  
His watchful eyes, that never sleep,  
Wide o'er creation roll;  
And from His high empyreal throne  
Views with one glance the torrid zone,  
And ice-surrounded pole.

His paths the trackless waters are,  
The winged whirlwind is His car,  
His wheels the hurricane ;  
His fiery coursers bounding, fly,  
Borne rapid through the ethereal sky,  
Or o'er the foaming main !

Earth, as He passes, shakes with fear ;  
The infernal spirits, when they hear,  
To deeper caverns fly ;  
Fierce blazing lightnings mark His way,  
Behind Him pealing thunders play  
Their dread artillery !

His wisdom, infinite and vast,  
Shall through eternal ages last,  
Unchangeably the same ;  
While in the dreary shades of hell,  
His justice, so inflexible,  
Proclaims His awful name.

Before the earth or worlds were made,  
His vast eternal plans were laid  
In wisdom and in love ;  
And what the Almighty then designed,  
Is finished in th' eternal mind !  
His purpose cannot move.

Ah ! then, suppress each rising sigh,  
Nor dare to ask the Almighty why,  
Or what His hands perform ;  
Submit to His all-wise decrees,  
Whose power can calm the raging seas,  
Or raise them to a storm !

## NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

*(Contributed.)*

No night shall be in heaven—no gathering gloom  
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come:  
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers  
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven—no dreadful hour  
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power.  
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,  
To dim the sunlight of the enraptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,  
Those eyes no more their mournful vigils keep:  
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away;  
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night shall be in heaven—no sorrow's reign—  
No secret anguish—no corporeal pain—  
No shivering limbs—no burning fever there—  
No soul's eclipse—no winter of despair.

No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon—  
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon:  
But there the LAMB shall yield perpetual light,  
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room—  
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;  
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,  
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.


No night shall be in heaven! But night is *here*—  
The night of sorrow, and the night of fear.  
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,  
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in heaven ! O had I faith  
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith—  
That Faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,  
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

---

## HENRY H. MILMAN.

---



HENRY HART MILMAN, Dean of St Paul's, was born at London on the 10th February 1791. His father, Sir Francis Milman, was physician to George III. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he took orders in 1817, and became vicar of St Mary's, Reading. In 1821, he was appointed to the professorship of poetry in the University of Oxford. He afterwards became rector of St Margaret's, Westminster, and in 1849, was presented to his present office. Dean Milman has published several historical works, and is justly celebrated as a dramatic poet.

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb ;  
By the flesh with scourges torn ;  
By the crown of twisted thorn ;  
By the side so deeply pierced ;  
By the baffled, burning thirst ;  
By the drooping death-dewed brow :  
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil ;  
By earth, that trembles at His doom ;  
By yonder saints, who burst their tomb ;  
By Eden promised, ere he died,  
To the felon at his side ;  
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow :  
Son of God ! 'tis Thou !—'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He ?  
By the last and bitter cry ;  
The ghost given up in agony ;  
By the lifeless body, laid  
In the chamber of the dead ;  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;  
Crucified ! we know Thee now :  
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou !—'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
'Lord, they know not what they do !'  
By the spoiled and empty grave ;  
By the souls He died to save ;  
By the conquest He hath won ;  
By the saints before His throne ;  
By the rainbow round His brow :  
Son of God ! 'tis Thou !—'tis Thou !



## THE LAST DAY.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;  
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are  
bowed.

The glory! the glory! Around Him are poured  
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;  
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! The dead have all heard,  
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred;  
From the ocean and earth, from the south and the  
north,  
Lo! the vast generations of ages come forth!

The judgment! the judgment! The thrones are all  
set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;  
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

O mercy! O mercy! Look down from above,  
Redeemer! on us, Thy sad children, with love.  
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are  
driven,  
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven.

---

INVOCATION OF THE REDEEMER.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;  
Thou hast shed the human tear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls ;  
When our final doom is near,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own ;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,  
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

---

#### FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown,  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown.  
From the burthen of the flesh,  
And from care and fear released ;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,  
And borne the heavy load ;  
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
To reach his blest abode.  
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,  
Upon his father's breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,  
And the Holy Spirit, fail.  
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best ;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

' Earth to earth,' and ' dust to dust,'  
The solemn priest hath said ;  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And we seal thy narrow bed.  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
Among the faithful blest ;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,  
Whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find.  
May each, like thee, depart in peace,  
To be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.



## SIR JOHN BOWRING, K.B.

---



POET, linguist, and celebrated colonial governor, Sir John Bowring was born at Exeter in 1792. At an early period he became editor of the *Westminster Review*. Distinguished as a political economist, he was appointed to a succession of important offices under government. In 1849, he was sent as British Consul to Hong-Kong; he subsequently acted there as plenipotentiary; and since 1854, he has held the high office of governor. A learned and voluminous writer, he has published versions of poems translated from all the languages of Europe. He was knighted in 1854.

### AN EVENING-SERVICE.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,  
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;  
All nature wears her garb of grief,  
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased, and busy men  
Are to their beds of silence creeping;  
The pale cold moon looks out again  
On the timid world, so softly sleeping.

Oh! in an hour so still as this,  
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,  
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss,  
To meek devotion's holy feeling:

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand  
Unrolled the golden map of heaven ;  
Mantled with beauty all the land,  
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might  
The laws of countless worlds disposes ;  
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light,  
Their beauty to the blushing roses.

Thou, Ruler of our destiny !  
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us ;  
Hidden from our view futurity,  
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Though dark may be earth's vale and damp,  
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,  
And immortality's pure lamp  
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene,  
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking ;  
Celestial music breathes between,  
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade  
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness ;  
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,  
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him  
Who looks beyond in visions holy,  
Than passion's fires, or splendour's dream,  
Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetched sigh,  
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,  
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,  
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot.

Smiles from a conscience purified,  
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory  
Conferred in all a monarch's pride,  
Embalmed in all the light of story.  
This joy be ours, our weeks shall roll—  
And let them roll—our bark is driven  
Safe to its harbour—and our soul  
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

---

## EVENING PRAISE.

To Thee, my God ! to Thee I bring  
The evening's grateful offering ;  
From Thee the source of joy above,  
Flow everlasting streams of love ;  
And all the rays of light that shine,  
And bless creation, Lord ! are thine.  
From the green valley, glad and gay,  
Among whose flowers the zephyrs play,  
Up to the azure hill, whose height  
And distance bound the far-stretched sight,  
Rearing its proud head silently—  
All, all is eloquent with Thee.  
And from the little worm, whose light  
Shines palely through the shades of night,  
Up to the sparkling stars, that run  
Their evening rounds—or glorious sun,  
Rolling his car to twilight's rest—  
All, all in Thee is bright and blest.  
The morn, when stepping down the hills—  
The noon, which all creation fills  
With glory—evening's placid fall—  
The twilight—and the raven pall  
Of midnight—all alike proclaim  
Thy great, Thine all-impressive name.

When in the darkness, deep and dull,  
The shining stars look beautiful ;  
When the blue heavens that we behold  
Are sprinkled o'er with living gold,  
And the calm breeze speaks whisperingly—  
We hold communion, Lord ! with Thee.

A thousand suns around us rise  
As bright as lamps of Paradise ;  
While countless stars, commingling, play  
In yonder devious milky-way ;  
And the tall hills, and valleys deep,  
Are wrapt in calm and solemn sleep.

And softly sink night's shades again  
Upon the shifting tents of men ;  
And welcome is the evening-hour,  
And sweet the midnight's magic power,  
Which, through the silence of the air,  
Visits the heart, and triumphs there.

'Tis still, and darkness' mild control  
Revives, renews the wearied soul ;  
Its mild, benignant influence  
Strengthens again the exhausted sense ;  
And, when the morning twilight breaks,  
A re-created man awakes.

On the green branch the slumbering bird  
Broods calmly—in the woods is heard  
Nor voice, nor echo--silent all,  
Except the untired water-fall,  
That seems to glide more sweetly on,  
Because its song is heard alone.

But over all—above, below,  
We see Thee—ever-present Thou !  
In every wandering rill that flows,  
In every gentle breeze that blows ;  
In every rising, setting sun,  
We trace Thee—own Thee—holy One !  
Yes ! in the mid-day's fervid beams,  
And in the midnight's shadowy dreams,  
In action and repose, we see,  
We recognise and worship Thee ;  
To Thee our worthiest songs would give,  
And in Thee die, and to Thee live.

---

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

MIGHTY is the power that gives  
Hope and bliss to all that lives ;  
While man's happy lot is this,  
First in hope, and first in bliss.  
Of the joys that fill his breast,  
Joys of knowledge are the best ;  
Linked to his diviner part,  
Oh, they purify his heart !  
Sweet it is when evening's sun  
Smiles on daily labours done ;  
And the labourer comes to slake  
Thirst for truth at Wisdom's lake  
As he drinks, the generous stream  
Strengthens and enlightens him ;  
While his well-trained mind is taught  
Higher views and nobler thought.  
Then and thus he learns to scan  
All the dignity of man ;  
Then and thus he soars sublime,  
O'er the wretched cares of time.

## HOME JOYS.

SWEET are the joys of home,  
And pure as sweet ; for they,  
Like dews of morn and evening, come  
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,  
And its delusions too ;  
But home to calmer bliss invites,  
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain-flood is strong,  
But fearful in its pride ;  
While gently rolls the stream along  
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,  
Spread smilingly afar ;  
But stars approached, become more bright,  
And home is life's own star.


The pilgrim's step in vain  
Seeks Eden's sacred ground ;  
But in home's holy joys, again  
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,  
To none on earth is given ;  
And yet a happy family  
Is but an earlier heaven.



## ALARIC A. WATTS.

---

LARIC ALEXANDER WATTS was born at London, on the 16th March 1799. In 1822 he published a small volume of poems, entitled *Poetical Sketches*, and in the same year, accepted the editorship of the *Leeds Intelligencer* newspaper. In 1824 he established *The Manchester Courier*, and three years after, became the first editor of the *London Standard*. In 1833 he originated *The United Service Gazette*, which he conducted for the period of ten years. He afterwards resumed his connection with the *Standard*, but in 1847 retired from his duties as a newspaper writer. In 1853 he received a civil-list pension of £100. His select poetical writings, under the title of *Lyrics of the Heart and other Poems*, were published in 1850, in a handsomely illustrated octavo volume.

### HOPE.

THERE is a thought can lift the soul  
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it;  
A star, that sheds its mild control  
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it,  
And pours a soft pervading ray,  
Life's ills can never chase away.


When earthly joys have left the breast,  
And even the last fond hope it cherished  
Of mortal bliss — too like the rest —  
Beneath woe's withering touch has perished,  
With fadeless lustre streams that light,  
A halo on the brow of night.

And bitter were our sojourns here  
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,  
Did not that rainbow beam appear,  
The herald of a brighter morrow;  
A friendly beacon from on high,  
To guide us to eternity.

---

## HUGH STOWELL.

---

UGH STOWELL, canon of Chester, and pastor of St Stephen's church, Salford, near Manchester, was born in December 1799, at Douglas, Isle of Man. He studied at Oxford, and was ordained to the pastoral office in 1823. After labouring at Huddersfield for a period of two years, he accepted the charge at Salford, which he still retains. He was appointed canon of Chester in 1845, and rural dean of Salford in 1851. Canon Stowell is the author of several works, both in prose and poetry; he is reputed as a powerful preacher, and is a leader of the Evangelical section of the Church of England.

### THE MERCY-SEAT.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.



There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far—by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

There ! *there*—on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense are all no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat !

---

#### THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

(Contributed.)

THY cross, O Lord, the holy sign  
That we thereafter should be Thine,  
Was traced upon our infant brow,  
And shall we fear to own it now ?

O God, forbid ! before the vain,  
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,  
We will, through grace, our Lord confess,  
His faint, but faithful witnesses.

In weakness he his strength displays,  
From youthfulness he perfects praise ;  
And we, his little soldiers, stand  
Strong in the might of his right hand.

Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear  
Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art near ;  
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,  
If borne for Thee—if by Thee blest.

Great Judge of all ! in that dread day  
When heaven and earth shall flee away,  
Before the universe confess,  
Thy faint but faithful witnesses.

---

BIBLE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE HYMN.

*(Contributed.)*

LORD of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy Word ;  
O, let the Gospel sound  
All the wide world around ;  
Wherever man is found,  
God speed His Word.

On this high jubilee,  
Thine let the glory be,  
Hallelujah !  
Thine is the mighty plan  
From heaven the work began,  
Away with praise of man,  
Glory to God.

Lo ! what embattled foes,  
Firm in their hate oppose  
God's holy Word ;

One for his truth we stand,  
Strong in his own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr band.  
God shield his Word !

Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force,  
God is before ;  
His Word ere long shall run,  
Free as the noonday sun,  
His purpose must be done,  
God bless his Word.

---

## THE SAVIOUR'S CUP.

*(Contributed.)*

MEEK Lamb of God ! on Thee  
In sorrow I repose ;  
But for Thy tenderness and grace,  
How hopeless were our woes.


Though bitter is my cup,  
Yet how can I repine ?  
It stills my every restless thought  
To think that cup was Thine.

Since Thou hast hallowed woe,  
I would not shun the rod,  
But bless the chastening hand that seeks  
To bring me to my God.

Distress and pains I hail,  
If these conform to Thee ;  
Be but Thy peace, Thy patience mine,  
And 'tis enough for me.

## CHARLES SWAIN.

---

HARLES SWAIN was, in 1803, born at Manchester, where he has resided ever since. In 1827, he published a volume of poems, entitled *Metrical Essays*, which was followed, in 1831, by the publication of *The Mind and other Poems*. Several other poetical works have proceeded from his pen. As a poet, he was much admired by the laureate, Southey, and his compositions have deservedly attained wide celebrity, both in Britain and America. Mr Swain follows the profession of a seal-engraver.

### SABBATH CHIMES.

THERE'S music in the morning air,  
A holy voice and sweet,  
For calling to the house of prayer  
The humblest peasant's feet.  
From hill, and vale, and distant moor,  
Long as the chime is heard,  
Each cottage sends its tenants poor  
For God's enriching word.

Where'er the British power hath trod,  
The Cross of faith ascends ;  
And, like a radiant arch of God,  
The light of Scripture bends !  
Deep in the forest wilderness,  
The *wood-built* church is known ;  
A sheltering wing, in man's distress,  
Spread like the Saviour's own !

The warrior from his armed tent,  
The seaman from the tide,  
Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent  
In Christian nations wide—  
Thousands and tens of thousands bring  
Their sorrows to His shrine,  
And taste the never-failing spring  
Of Jesus' love divine !

If, at an *earthly* chime, the tread  
Of million, million feet  
Approach whene'er the Gospel's read  
In God's own temple-seat ;  
How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep,  
To see God's saints arise,  
And countless hosts of angels keep  
*The Sabbath of the skies !*

---

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

THERE is a friend, a secret friend,  
In every trial, every grief,  
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,  
Of all *we ever had* the chief !  
A friend, who watching from above,  
Whene'er in error's path we trod,  
Still sought us with reproving love ;  
That friend, that secret friend, is God !  
There is a friend, a faithful friend,  
In every chance and change of fate,  
Whose boundless love doth solace send,  
When other friendships come too late !  
A friend, that when the world deceives,  
And wearily we onward plod,  
Still comforts every heart that grieves ;  
That true, that faithful friend, is God !

How blest the years of life might flow,  
 In one unchanged, unshaken trust ;  
 If man this truth would only know,  
 And love his Maker, and be just !  
 Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,  
 Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,  
 But in each need, His hand doth lend ;  
 That friend, that truest friend, is God !

---

---

D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

---



T. K. DRUMMOND is the youngest son of James Drummond, Esq. of Aberuchill, Perthshire. He was born at Edinburgh, and educated for the Episcopal Church. In 1830, he received orders from the Church of England, and for two years held a charge in the neighbourhood of Bristol. He has since resided in Edinburgh, and is at present incumbent of St Thomas' Episcopal chapel in that city. Among other works, he has published *Last Scenes in the Life of Christ*, and *Memoirs of Montague Stanley*.

CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.

THOU earth ! o'er which the curse of sin  
 Has flung the shroud of night,  
 On thee the day-spring hath appeared,  
 For Christ shall give thee light.  
 Oh sinner ! on whose soul hath dwelt  
 Sin's deep and deadly blight,  
 Arise ! hope dawns upon the tomb,  
 For Christ shall give thee light.

Christian ! does thy pathway seem  
Dark to thy feeble sight ?  
Direct thine eyes to Christ on high,  
For He shall give thee light.

Soldier ! does the shadowy foe  
Darken the field of fight ?  
Dauntless hold up the shield of faith,  
For Christ shall give thee light.

Mourner ! has sorrow bowed thy heart  
In sad and dreary night ?  
Smile through thy tears, the day is nigh  
When Christ shall give thee light.

Thou trembling one, who must appear  
Before Christ in his might ;  
He is thy Judge, but He is Love,  
And He shall give thee light.

Blessed heir of glory ! hast thou reached  
Thy home so pure and bright ?  
Thy heritage is sure, for Christ  
For ever gives thee light.

---

GOD IS LOVE.

WHAT is the Lord ? survey the world,  
Each hill, each vale, each stream, each grove ;  
From every rock, and field, and tree,  
A voice replies, that ' God is love ! '

What is the Lord ? Gaze through the skies  
On yon bright orbs which ceaseless move  
In glorious maze—still as they roll  
They chant the song that ' God is love ! '

What is the Lord? Look to the place  
Where glory sits enthroned above ;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand there  
Cry, with one voice, that 'God is love !'

What is the Lord? Search nature's store,  
Her length and breadth, below, above—  
There's not an atom but appears  
Stamped with the record, 'God is love !'

Yet amid all, behold yon tree !  
One glance of faith will sweetly prove,  
That there the brightest ray descends,  
Which, beaming, tells that 'God is love !'

Dark is the wood, and stained with blood,  
Yet o'er it broods the holy Dove,  
Uttering, to all eternity,  
The still small voice, that 'God is love !'

---

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

(Contributed.)

BRING forth the dead !  
He was her only son,  
Her last, her best of earthly joys ;  
God's will be done !

The widowed heart,  
Alas ! is broken now ;  
But 'tis the Lord of Hosts who speaks,  
And she must bow.

Go gently on,  
In deepest silence go ;  
There needs no plaintive wail to mark  
Her spirit's woe.



Who stops the way  
Of death and agony ?  
That form, that brow, the glistening tear,  
The beaming eye.

It is the Nazarene—  
He speaks ! The still small voice,  
Like nature's softest melody,  
Bids the lone heart rejoice.

These tender sounds of love  
Have reached the mourner's heart ;  
The tempest sinks into a calm,  
The clouds of woe depart.

' Weep not,' He gently said,  
And wiped away her tears ;  
Hope dawned upon her weary soul,  
And charmed to rest her fears.

He came and touched the bier,  
Deep was the mighty thrill  
Which throbbed with silent power through all ;  
And they that bore stood still.

Once more His voice was heard—  
All nature waiting lies ;  
With life and death upon his lips—  
' Young man, I say, arise !'

Burst are the bonds of death,  
Broken that deep repose ;  
Resistless was the voice which called,  
And the young man arose.

Then He, whose mighty power  
This wondrous work had done,  
Came softly where the widow stood,  
And gave her back her son.

## HEAVEN.

OUR glorious home above,  
The city of our God,  
The resting-place of peace and love,  
The pilgrim's sweet abode.

O for an angel's wing,  
To soar above the skies,  
And join the angelic choir who sing  
Their hallowed symphonies.

Pure mansions of the blest,  
Prepared by Jesus' hand,  
That all His own may sweetly rest  
Safe in Emmanuel's land.


May each we love be there,  
From death and darkness free ;  
Our joy unspeakable to share  
Throughout eternity.

---

---

WILLIAM LEASK, D.D.

---



WILLIAM LEASK was born at Kirkwall, in Orkney. Entirely self-educated, he was ordained minister of a Nonconformist church at Sheffield, in 1839. He subsequently ministered at Dover and London, and is now pastor of the Congregationalist church at Ware, Herts. Among his numerous works in prose and poetry, may be enumerated:

*The Two Lights, The Footsteps of the Messiah, The Beauties of the Bible, and The Lays of the Future.*  
Dr Leask is at present editor of *The Christian World*  
and *The British Flag*.

‘YET A LITTLE WHILE.’

WEARY one, wait ! the dawn is approaching ;  
Soothe thee, and faint not, the day is at hand ;  
The sorrow that tries thee, on joy though encroaching,  
Will meeten thy soul for the beautiful land !  
Weary one, wait ! the grief that oppresses,  
Though it comes not as friends do, in friendship will  
end ;  
With the pitiless storm, the heart that distresses,  
The sunshine of mercy will speedily blend.  
Weary one, wait ! the Lord thou adorest  
Watches the progress of grace in thy soul ;  
Abhorring intensely the sins thou abhorrest,  
He wills to pronounce thee ‘every whit whole.’  
Then, weary one, wait ! thy Jesus hath waited  
Much longer for thee, to bring thee to God ;  
Let thy soul, which His Spirit anew hath created,  
Exult in His friendship, and bow to His rod !  
A little while yet, and thou wilt delight thee  
In treasures of happiness passing belief ;  
Then, let not the heat of the furnace affright thee,  
Thy God worketh gladness eternal from grief.

---

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.


SAY, where is the beautiful land  
Where the sorrows of time are unknown,  
Where the triumph of good is complete,  
And happiness reigneth alone :

Is it far from the orbit of earth,  
From the sweep of Astronomy's eye?  
In regions unheard of by men,  
By God unrevealed, does it lie?  
When the soul of the saint taketh wing  
From its feeble enclosure of clay,  
Who guides its adventurous flight  
To those realms of glorious day?  
Are angels its journeying friends,  
As it passeth through firmaments wide?  
Or does love to the Saviour lead  
The enfranchised one close to his side?  
When the eye of the traveller falls  
On the shores of that beautiful place,  
An ecstasy thrills through his heart,  
That ripeneth to glory his grace!  
The balm of that paradise breathed,  
Immortality marks him her own,  
And he worships, in presence of gods,  
Immanuel that sits on the throne!

---

## CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

---

 ONE of the most popular of living song-writers, Charles Mackay is likewise known as a writer of Sacred verse. He was born at Perth in 1814, educated chiefly in London, and early became connected with the newspaper press. He is the author of several esteemed prose works, and of numerous volumes of poetry. He

holds the influential office of editor of the *Illustrated London News*. His degree was confirmed in 1846, by the University of Glasgow.

## REPENTANCE.

By the red lightning rent and riven,  
And stretched along the plain,  
Can the tall oak extend to heaven  
Its gay, green boughs again?  
Or when a star hath lost its track,  
And faded from on high,  
Can aught restore the lost one back  
To glory and the sky?


No : the tall oak no more can spread  
Its green leaves to the blast ;  
Nor can the meteor which hath fled  
Recall its splendours past.  
Can man, deep sunk in guilty care,  
And pressed by human ills,  
Gain triumph o'er his dark despair,  
And find a solace still?

Yes ! He who for our ransom bled,  
Holds back the avenging rod,  
When meek contrition bows her head,  
Repenting to her God.  
Though dark the sin—though deep the heart  
Be sunk in guilt and pain,  
Yet mercy can a balm impart,  
And raise it up again.



## HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

---

 DISTINGUISHED theological writer and esteemed Sacred poet. Horatius Bonar is a native of Edinburgh, and was educated at the High School and University of that city. He was ordained to the ministry in Kelso in 1839, and has since prosecuted the pastoral duties in that place. He joined the Free Church in 1843. His religious prose works are very numerous. His best spiritual songs are contained in his recent volume, entitled *Hymns of Faith and Hope*.

### NO MORE SEA.

SUMMER ocean, idly washing  
This gray rock on which I lean ;  
Summer ocean, broadly flashing  
With thy hues of gold and green ;  
Gently swelling, wildly dashing  
O'er yon island-studded scene ;  
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
Miss the thunder of thy roar,  
Miss the music of thy ripple,  
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore.  
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
When 'the sea shall be no more.'  
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
As along thy strand I range ;  
Or, as here I sit and watch thee  
In thy moods of endless change.  
Mirthful moods of morning gladness,  
Musing moods of sunset sadness ;

When the dying winds caress thee,  
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,  
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,  
And all nature seems to bless thee !  
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
Miss the wonders of thy shore,  
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,  
When 'the sea shall be no more !'

And yet sometimes in my musings,  
When I think of what shall be ;  
In the day of earth's new glory,  
Still I seem to roam by thee.  
As if all had not departed,  
But the glory lingered still ;  
As if that which made thee lovely,  
Had remained unchangeable.  
Only that which marred thy beauty,  
Only *that* had passed away ;  
Sullen wilds of ocean-moorland,  
Bloated features of decay.  
Only that dark waste of waters,  
Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned ;  
Only that shall shrink and vanish,  
Yielding back the imprisoned land.  
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,  
Long submerged and hidden plains ;  
Giving up a thousand valleys  
Of the ancient world's domains.  
Leaving still bright azure ranges,  
Winding round this rocky tower ;  
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,  
Sparkling like an ocean-flower.  
Leaving still some placid sketches,  
Where the sunbeams bathe at noon ;

Leaving still some lake-like reaches,  
Mirrors for the silver moon.  
Only all of gloom and horror,  
Idle wastes of endless brime,  
Haunts of darkness, storm, and danger;  
These shall be no longer thine.  
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,  
Wonderous scenes shall then disclose ;  
And, like earths, the wastes of ocean  
Then shall blossom as the rose.

---

## THE MEETING-PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,  
Freshen never more to fade ;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,  
Brighten never more to shade :  
Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;  
Where the star-beams cease to chill ;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill :  
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the noon the joy prolong ;  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
'Mid the burst of holy song :  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest !  
Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er ;  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more :  
Where no bond is ever sundered ;  
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide—all are done :



Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child;  
Where dear families are gathered  
That were scattered on the wild:  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,  
Where the blighted life re-blooms;  
Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes:  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,  
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,  
In an ever spring-bright clime:  
Where we find the joy of loving,  
As we never loved before,  
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,  
Loving once, and evermore:  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Shed its healing splendour here:  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on their robe of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden  
Be where only wastes have been:  
Where a King in kingly glory,  
Such as earth hath never known,  
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
Claim and wear the holy crown:  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest.

## THE MORNING-STAR.

THERE is a morning-star, my soul,  
There is a morning-star ;  
'Twill soon be near and bright, though now  
It seems so dim and far.  
And when time's stars have come and gone,  
And every mist of earth has flown,  
That better star shall rise  
On this world's clouded skies,  
To shine for ever !

The night is well-nigh spent, my soul,  
The night is well-nigh spent,  
And soon above our heads shall shine  
A glorious firmament :  
A sky all glad, and pure, and bright,  
The Lamb, once slain, its perfect light ;  
A star without a cloud,  
Whose light no mists enshroud,  
Descending never.

---

## REST YONDER.

THIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
Onwards to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.  
In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse has passed away.  
There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along ;  
On the freshest pasture feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
Never more be sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.

---

## THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,  
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun—  
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,  
The brief race of time well and patiently run ;  
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,  
Up to the crown that for me has been won ;  
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odours of sunset,  
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on ;  
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,  
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,  
When the flowers that it came from are closed up  
and gone ;  
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?  
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,  
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing  
    (As its summer and autumn moved silently on)  
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;  
    I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,  
    To reap down those fields which in spring I have  
        sown ;  
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the  
    reaper,  
    He is only remembered by what he has done.

---

## LOST BUT FOUND.

I WAS a wand'ring sheep,  
    I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
    I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
    I did not love my home,  
I did not love my father's voice,  
    I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
    The Father sought his child,  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
    O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
    Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love ;  
    They saved the wandering one !

They spoke in tender love,  
    They raised my drooping head ;  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
    My fainting soul they fed.

They washed my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair ;  
They brought me to my home in peace—  
The long-sought wanderer !


Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole.  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep ;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold !  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam ;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

---

## JOHN KEBLE.

---

HE author of *The Christian Year*, John Keble was born about the year 1800, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. In that University, he afterwards held the distinguished office of Professor of Poetry. He has, for many years, been vicar of Hursley, near Winchester. *The Christian Year* was first published in 1827 ; it has passed through upwards of fifty editions.

## THE BOOK OF NATURE.

THERE is a Book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes, and Christian hearts.  
The works of God above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to shew  
How God Himself is found.  
The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.  
The moon above, the church below,  
A wondrous race they run ;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun.  
The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill ;  
The saints, like stars, around His seat  
Perform their courses still.  
The saints above are stars in heaven,  
What are the saints on earth ?  
Like trees they stand, whom God has given,  
Our Eden's happy birth.  
Faith is their fixed, unswerving root,  
Hope their unfading flower ;  
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,  
The glory of their bower.  
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down ;  
But where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze, we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

---

## HENRY ROGERS.

---



DISTINGUISHED critic and theologian, Henry Rogers was originally a pastor of the Independent Church. Relinquishing the clerical profession, owing to ill health, he became Professor of English Literature in University College, London. He now holds a professorship in the Independent College, Spring Hill, Birmingham. Mr Rogers is well known to the literary world from his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. His justly reputed work, *The Eclipse of Faith*, has passed through many editions.

## THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

'Tis midnight, 'tis midnight, o'er Egypt's dark sky,  
And in whirlwind and storm the Sirocco sweeps by ;  
All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast,  
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom beats fast.

And the young mother wakes, and arouses from rest,  
And presses more closely her babe to her breast ;  
But the heart that she presses is deathlike and still,  
And the lips that she kisses are breathless and chill.


And the young brother clings to the elder in fear,  
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his ear ;  
But that brother returns not the trembling embrace,  
He speaks not, he breathes not, death lies in his place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around ;  
'Tis a sigh, 'tis a moan, and then slumbers more  
sound ;  
They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits have  
fled—  
They but wake into life to repose with the dead.

---

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

---

 HE most popular of living American poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th February 1807. He studied at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, and became a professor in that institution at the age of twenty-two. In 1835 he was promoted to the chair of Modern Languages in Harvard College, Cambridge, U.S., and this honour-



able appointment he still retains. The poetry of Longfellow has attained most extensive celebrity, both in Britain and America.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral-marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead past bury its dead !  
Act—act in the living present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour, and to wait!

---

### WILLIAM L. ALEXANDER, D.D.



CELEBRATED preacher of the Independent Church, and able theological writer, William Lindsay Alexander was born at Leith, on the 24th August 1808. Having prosecuted his studies at the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews, he became classical tutor in the Theological Academy at Blackburn, Lancashire. He subsequently entered on clerical duty at Liverpool, and from thence removed to Edinburgh, to occupy the ministerial charge which he still retains. He also holds the office of a professor in the Theological Hall of the Scottish Independents. Among his more conspicuous publications, may be here enumerated *The Connection and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments*; *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*; *Christ and Christianity*; and *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.* He has extensively contributed to the periodicals, and at one period was editor of the *Scottish Congregational*

*Magazine.* Some of his sacred songs have been introduced into some of the Hymn-books of the Independent Church.

#### THE LAST WISH.

No more, no more of the cares of time !  
Speak to me now of that happy clime,  
Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan,  
And sorrow and care are all unknown :  
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,  
And my moments are numbered here below,  
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell  
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh ! yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,  
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers ;  
Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,  
With their harps of gold, and their endless song ;  
Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,  
And its streamlets all lucid with living light ;  
And its emerald plains, where the ransomed stray,  
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,  
Far from sorrow, and free from care —  
The loved of my soul, who passed away  
In the roseate bloom of their early day ;  
Oh ! are they not bending around me now,  
Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,  
Waiting until my spirit fly,  
To herald me home to my rest on high ?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear  
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,  
Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove,  
That circles the home of our early love ;

And so let my spirit calmly rise,  
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the skies,  
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,  
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

---

‘I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.’

(Contributed.)

ALWAY on *Earth*?—oh no!  
Like dark Cocytus’ river;  
’Mid scenes of pain and woe,  
To wander on for ever?  
Oh no!

Alway on *Earth*?—to mark  
Its hurrying scenes of sorrow,  
And feel my soul grow dark,  
Yet hope for no to-morrow?  
Oh no!

Alway on *Earth*?—to see  
The loved and lovely perish;  
Till like a wasted tree,  
I had no bud to cherish?  
Oh no!

Alway on *Earth*?—to wear  
The warrior’s harness ever,  
The racer’s toil to share,  
Yet reach his triumph never!  
Oh no!

No! there’s a better land,  
A nobler prospect given—  
A seat at God’s right hand—  
A calm repose in heaven—  
And there!

*There would my spirit rest  
 'Mid bowers of light and gladness,  
 And with Emmanuel blest,  
 Lose every sense of sadness !  
 Yes, there !*

---

## GRIEFS AND HOPES OF ISRAEL.

*(Contributed.)*

THE Jews around Jerusalem have purchased from the Turks permission to assemble on the western side of Mount Moriah, where they meet in considerable numbers every Friday, to bewail the fallen state of their nation. 'We found them,' says the missionary, Fisk, 'sitting on the ground and reading their Hebrew books. It was distressing to behold these descendants of Abraham thus sitting in the dust; and constrained to pay for the privilege of weeping where their fathers sung, rejoiced, and triumphed.'

CHILD of Abra'am ! wherefore now  
 Rests the grief-cloud on thy brow ?  
 Why hath weeping dimmed thine eye,  
 Whence that deep and aching sigh ?  
 Came affliction on the blast,  
 Breathing sorrow as he past ?  
 Have the jibings of a foe  
 Torn thy bosom ?—

' Gentile, no !


Pain hath not been in my lot ;  
 Suffering I have tasted not ;  
 I have felt no scoffer's scorn :  
 'Tis for sorer ills I mourn.

‘When I think of Judah’s doom,  
Born in glory, biered in gloom—  
When I see the place of God  
By the foot of heathen trod ;  
When I hear, at evening’s fall,  
The false Muezzin’s impious call,  
Where our sires were wont to raise  
Anthems to Jehovah’s praise ;  
When I see the sons of those  
Whom for his Jehovah chose,  
With the curse-scorch on each brow,  
Wandering kingless, homeless now ;  
When I think of prospects marred,  
Visions blighted, prayers unheard,  
Hopes that brightened to deceive—  
Gentile, can I cease to grieve ?’

Child of Abra’am, quell thy fears ;  
Upwards look amidst thy tears ;  
Brighter days are yet in store ;  
Son of sorrow, weep no more !  
God shall come, and at His voice  
Judah’s tribes shall yet rejoice ;  
In His people’s sight shall He  
Reign and triumph gloriously.  
Then shall songs of joy resound  
Zion’s hallowed rocks around,  
And an eve of glory close  
On the day of Judah’s woes.



## MRS T. K. HERVEY.

 LEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU was born at Liverpool in 1811. At an early period, she contributed verses to the periodicals. In 1839, she published *The Landgrave*, a dramatic poem, which served to establish her reputation as a poet. She has since appeared to the world as the author of various interesting works, both in poetry and prose. In 1843, she became the wife of Thomas Kibble Hervey, editor of *The Athenæum*, who died in 1859.

### BETHLEHEM.

O WELL he named thee, prophet wise,  
Thou Bethlehem, best beloved of God,  
Who saw, in dreams, that seed arise,  
Which burst from out thy sacred sod !  
We follow where the patriarch led,  
And call thee still the 'House of Bread.'\*  
That heaven-born seed, that germ of love,  
Dropped by His hand, made green the waste  
Where guilt with guilt for empire strove,  
Till earth' old Eden fell defaced ;  
And O, there sprung, 'neath God's blest feet,  
No tares 'midst that unpoisoned wheat !  
On Bethlehem's fields lies hunger slain ;  
There shall a world of starving souls  
Go feast ; no blight is on the grain  
That o'er that land, like manna, rolls ;  
The craving heart with peace refilling,  
The voice of tears in Rama stilling.

\* Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the 'House of Bread,' from Abraham.

Lost pilgrim, there thy footsteps bend ;  
Crushed soul, turn there thy stricken eye,  
From paths whose thorns your feet shall rend,  
From this your stony Araby ;  
Read yonder word, in light engraved,  
'Tis 'Bethlehem,' city of the saved !

Woman, that thirsts beside the well,  
And man, that drowns in sight of shore,  
Hark, where afar the anthems swell  
That speak your desolation o'er ;  
Behold, where ruin hath no share—  
See death, the conqueror, conquered there !

O Thou that art the life, the bread,  
On whose exhaustless love we feed,  
As those were 'midst the mountains fed,  
Who found Thee in their hour of need ;  
Lo ! wanting Thee, we faint like them,  
Thou seed, God-sown in Bethlehem !

Have we not sought Thee, Lord, aright,  
While dark we trod life's arid ground ?  
Or do we stand before Thy sight  
Like idle reapers, worthless found,  
Who, playing with earth's falling leaves,  
Left scattered round thine unbound sheaves ?

O let us walk with lowly Ruth !  
So be our day's brief noontide spent  
In gathering up Thy words of truth,  
Like ripe ears dropped ; that we, content,  
Poor gleaners in Thy fields, may see  
Our bread of life, dear God, in Thee !



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

## I.

COME forth, ye wandering children, all  
Come forth from wood and wild,  
And let us sing the days of Christ,  
When He was but a child.

When He was but a little child,  
As tender as might be ;  
That blessed night pale Mary came  
From distant Galilee.

That night, when 'mid the cattle herd,  
Pure as the snow that falls,  
The voice that breathed our Father's love  
Was hushed among the stalls.

It was the dreary winter-tide,  
And dark the hour He came ;  
But such a brightness round Him burned,  
The east was all a-flame.

He made a wonder where He lay ;  
Quickened with love and fear,  
The barren straw did swell with grain  
Ripe in the fruitful ear.

All round the shed the frozen bees  
Went singing, singing sweet ;  
The lowly herd, bowed down with fear,  
Fell kneeling at His feet.

And Mary, on her sleeping Son,  
In solemn gladness smiled ;  
Remember ! 'twas the sacred time  
When Christ was but a child.

## II.

He came to shew the waters pure  
Where thirsting souls might sip ;  
The bread of life was on His tongue,  
Its wine upon His lip.

The sages cast before His feet  
Their jewels, costly-rare ;  
Those feet which late had trod the skies,  
Where all His riches were.

They held a crown above His head,  
With gems all bristled o'er ;  
It might have been a crown of thorns  
That pressed and pierced Him sore.

It stirred Him from His slumbers calm ;  
A change passed o'er His sleep ;  
Though yet no healing word He spoke,  
His sighs came long and deep.

And ever on His heaving breast,  
By troubled visions tossed,  
Still folded in a mystic sign,  
His tender arms he crossed.

Though Mary-mother undid the clasp,  
Her care it was but loss ;  
For still the silent Sleeper's arms  
Would form that mystic cross.

It might not be a thing of chance,  
Nor empty vision wild ;  
Remember ! 'twas the wonderous time  
When Christ was but a child.

## III.

The daylight dawned, and Jesus woke,  
And gazed upon His mother ;  
Then, searching wide with anxious eyes,  
He seemed to seek Another.

He might not weep as children weep,  
But, on her bosom leaning,  
With speaking looks He clung to her,  
With looks of mournful meaning.

His lips, at her half-uttered prayer,  
Were moved, but made no moan ;  
Her holy eyes, upturned to heaven,  
He followed with his own.

And steps came in, and steps went out,  
That passed not by the door ;  
And a dreary shadow stole along,  
And fell upon the floor.

And a voice, like that on Calvary,  
Rang through the frozen air,  
In the anguish of the crucified,  
The passion, and the prayer !

Then slow the wintry winds died down,  
Hushed was the herd's low bleating ;  
No sound was heard in that lone shed,  
Only their two hearts beating.

So found He safety on the breast  
Of Mary-mother mild ;  
Remember ! 'twas the hallowed time  
When Christ was but a child.

## THE WAITS.

HARK! where peals yon swelling anthem!—Hark!  
it winds its solemn way,  
Loud on the blackening midnight borne, faint on the  
morning gray;  
Now soaring, hovering, floating, like the angel's song  
on high,  
Back from the wondering shepherd-groups, to glory  
and the sky:  
'Awake, awake, immortal souls! make straight the  
way and clear;  
Yon star is burning in the east; behold! your God is  
near!'

Past the dying maiden's chamber, where the sobbing  
night-winds thrill,  
And the heart's cry is the louder that the voice of love  
is still;  
Where hungry hope is starved to death, and withers  
day by day,  
And silent faith can do no more, but lift the hands  
and pray;  
More solemn-sweet steals down the street to sounding  
harp and horn;  
'In death's despite, this blessed night, is thy Redeemer  
born!'

Past the sacred domes of wedded homes, whose hearths  
the angels keep,  
Where the plighted hands are mutely locked in the  
sweet unsevered sleep;  
Under the towers, along the bowers, still hallowed by  
its gleam,  
Where, in their bright unsullied youth, love led them  
in a dream;

Hark ! where it rolls ! It thrills their souls—‘ Arise,  
and bend the knee ;

HE comes, who blest the wedding-feast in Cana of  
Galilee !’

Past the noble house of charity, where beams of  
morning play

On eyes of sightless innocents, that know not it is  
day ;

Whose ravished orbs are turned to heaven, how dark  
soe’er it be,

In the tender joy of faith that feels the love it cannot  
see ;

And the quickened ear drinks deep the sound, and the  
soul leaps to the eye—

‘ Behold the light of all the world, the day-spring from  
on high !’

Past the lorn and houseless fugitive, by the slimy  
river’s brink,

Ere she springs beneath the glassy pool, where all her  
sorrows sink ;

Till she dreams she hears the voice of Him who walked  
the waters wide,

And the saving music dies not till her steps are turned  
aside ;

It sighs to her, it cries to her, in the hour of her  
dismay—

‘ Stood He not by Mary Magdalene when the stone was  
rolled away ?’

Past by the branded sepulchres that whiten ’neath the  
moon ;

Past by the stony torture-cells washed by the black  
lagune ;

By felon graves, by robber caves, and dungeon's  
vaulted dome,  
Sweeps on that triumph-strain that speaks a conqueror  
to come—  
'He comes not in the sounding blast, nor in the rolling  
thunder,  
But on the wings of mercy borne, to burst your bonds  
asunder!'

More holy-tender swells the song, where, pure and  
undefiled,  
A mother, towards the reddening east, lifts up her  
new-born child—  
'Give glory unto God this night, thrice blessed as thou  
art!  
Like Mary, fast for ever keep His sayings in thy  
heart;  
Hear thou the precious words of joy breathed by those  
lips divine—  
"Such as these are of my kingdom"—"little  
children," like to thine!'

Hark! around the palace chambers—hark! along the  
palace walls,  
Like the shouting of a conquering band, the strain of  
triumph falls;  
As starts the monarch from his throne the armed host  
to meet,  
Down drops the crown unto his knee, the purple to his  
feet;  
Awe-struck, he veils his humbled brow, while loud  
the anthem rings—  
'Glory, glory in the highest, unto Him, the King of  
kings!'

## WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

---



LYRIC poet of merit, William Sinclair was born at Edinburgh in 1811. He has contributed in prose and verse to the periodicals, and is the author of a volume of poems and songs, with the title, *Poems of the Fancy and the Affections*. Mr Sinclair was, for thirteen years, connected with H. M. Customs at Leith; he now resides in Stirling, holding the situation of reporter to one of the local journals. The following composition, from his pen, originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

### JERUSALEM.

THOU city of the Lord ! whose name  
The angelic host in wonder tells,  
The halo of whose endless fame  
All earthly splendour far excels—  
To thee, from Judah's stable mean,  
Arose the Prince from Jesse's stem,  
And since hath deathless glory been  
With thee, Jerusalem !

What though thy temples, domes, and towers,  
That man in strength and weakness made,  
Are, with their priests and regal powers,  
In lowly dust and ashes laid ?  
The story of their ancient time  
Steals on us as it stole on them,  
Thrice hallowed by the lyre sublime  
Of thee, Jerusalem !

We see, within thy porches, Paul  
Uplift the arm, the voice command,  
Whose heaven-taught zeal, whose earnest call  
Could rouse or paralyse the land—  
Though gold and pomp were his and more,  
For God he spurned the glittering gem,  
And cast him prostrate, all before  
Thy gates, Jerusalem !

Even from the Mount of Olives now,  
When morning lifts her shadowy veil,  
And smiles o'er Moab's lofty brow,  
And beauteous Jordan's stream and vale :  
The ruins o'er the region spread,  
May witness of thine ancient fame,  
The very grave-yards of thy dead—  
Of thee, Jerusalem !

The temple in its gorgeous state,  
That in a dreadful ruin fell,  
The fortress and the golden gate  
Alike the saddening story tell,  
How He by Hinnom's vale was led,  
To Caiaphas with mocking shame,  
That glad redemption might be shed  
O'er thee, Jerusalem !

Fast by the Virgin's tomb, and by  
These spreading olives, bend the knee ;  
For here His pangs and sufferings' sigh  
Thrilled through thy caves, Gethsemane ;  
'Twas here beneath the olive shade  
The Man of many sorrows came,  
With tears, as never mortal shed,  
For thee, Jerusalem !



Around Siloam's ancient tombs  
A solemn grandeur still must be ;  
And oh, what mystic meaning looms  
By thy dread summits, Calvary !  
The groaning earth, that felt the shock  
Of mankind's crowning sin and shame,  
Gave up the dead, laid bare the rock,  
For fallen Jerusalem.


Kind woman's heart forgets thee not,  
For Mary's image lights the scene,  
And, casting back the inquiring thought,  
To what thou art, what thou hast been ;  
Ah, well may pilgrims heave the sigh,  
When they remember all thy fame,  
And shed the tear regrettingly  
O'er thee, Jerusalem.

For awful desolation lies  
In heavy shades o'er thee and thine,  
As 'twere to frown of sacrifice,  
And tell thy story, Palestine ;  
But never was there darkness yet  
Whereto His glory never came,  
And guardian-angels watch and wait  
By thee, Jerusalem !

The lustre of thine ancient fame  
Shall yet in brighter beams arise,  
And heavenly measures to thy name,  
Rejoice the earth, make glad the skies ;  
And with thy gathered thousands, then,  
Oh ! love and peace shall dwell with them,  
And God's own glory shine again  
O'er thee, Jerusalem.

## MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L.

---

HE celebrated author of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, and other highly popular poems, Martin Farquhar Tupper was born at London in 1811. He was educated at the Charterhouse and Christ's Church, Oxford. Entering at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar, but he never sought practice as a lawyer. Mr Tupper has prosecuted a most successful literary career.

### A HYMN FOR ALL NATIONS.

GLORIOUS God ! on Thee we call,  
Father, Friend, and Judge of all ;  
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,  
Homage to Thy throne we bring !

In the wonders all around,  
Ever is Thy spirit found ;  
And of each good thing we see,  
All the good is born of Thee !

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks  
Everywhere in nature's works ;  
Thine is art, with all its worth,  
Thine each master-piece on earth !

Yea, and foremost in the van  
Springs from Thee the mind of man ;  
On its light, for this is Thine,  
Shed abroad the love divine !

Lo, our God ! Thy children here  
From all realms are gathered near ;  
Wisely gathered—gathering still—  
For peace on earth, towards men good-will !  
May we, with fraternal mind,  
Bless our brothers of mankind ;  
May we, through redeeming love,  
Be the blest of God above !

---

CIRCUMSTANCE.


THE waves, the winds of Circumstance !  
What arm their strength can stem ?  
What struggling mortal has a chance  
To bind or buffet them ?  
Against these rapids, who can swim,  
And not be hurled away  
Over Niagara's boiling brim,  
The torrent of to-day ?  
Ah ! trust not, man, to thine own strength ;  
Ah ! boast not of thy power ;  
Thy best, in all its breadth and length,  
Will break in any hour.  
Let but Temptation touch the line  
Electrical within,  
That spark will spring the secret mine  
Of nature's ready sin !  
If some sun-chance, and some moon-change  
Of passion's light and heat,  
Within Occasion's comet-range,  
By bad conjunction meet,  
Behold, a deluge ! to o'erwhelm  
The wisdom and the worth  
Of mortal's noblest spirit-realm,  
The pattern-man of earth !

O tower of strength ! O God, O Friend !  
Defend us by Thy power ;  
Till we have reached our trial's end,  
Uphold us every hour !  
Each step we venture in advance  
Is full of woes unknown,  
If Thou enfranchise Circumstance,  
And leave us all alone !

---

### JAMES DODDS, SENR.

---

AMES DODDS was born at Cummertrees, Dumfriesshire, in 1812. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, was licensed as a probationer in 1839, and was, in 1841, admitted to the pastoral charge of the parish of Humbie, East Lothian. At the disruption, in 1843, he joined the Free Church. He was, in the following year, translated to Dunbar, where he continues to labour. Mr Dodds is author of a popular work, entitled *A Century of Scottish Church History*. In 1842, he edited a small volume of sacred lyrics, entitled *Poetry of the Seasons*, which contains a number of original compositions from his pen. For the *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*, chiefly written by his father-in-law, the Rev. Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, he wrote a series of interesting papers. He has largely contributed to the periodicals.

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.\*

HER heart was in heaven, and she cared not for earth,  
Nor all that its pleasures afford ;  
And death was to her but a life-giving birth,  
For she lived in the joy of her Lord.

In this valley she walked like an angel of love,  
Sent to lighten our sorrowful shade,  
Yet glad to revisit that region above,  
Where it first was in glory arrayed.

A seal was impressed on her sweet-beaming brow,  
That marked her for saintly repose—  
The hope that enraptured her life, and is now  
Fulfilled at life's dark-seeming close.

A cloud of deep trouble encompassed her frame,  
And her day was soon turned into night ;  
But the cross, like a heaven-pointing pillar of flame,  
Filled the eye of her spirit with light.

As from a dark prison she struggled away  
To a mansion of God in the sky ;  
And her night is now lost in the brightness of day,  
In the glory that never shall die.

Sweet pledge of a sanctified rest in the skies,  
Her life was a Sabbath of peace ;  
And the day that beheld her dear Saviour arise,  
Was the day of her spirit's release.

\* Mrs W. W. Duncan of Cleish.

## HYMN.

*(Contributed.)*

O God of nature and of grace,  
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place !  
The temple where Thou art adored  
As universal King and Lord.  
Where meet the simple-hearted just,  
In holy awe and childlike trust,  
To catch devotion's kindling flame,  
And sing the glory of Thy name.


Nor yet alone, in sacred fane,  
Dost Thou in sovereign greatness reign—  
From the earth's plains, and mountains bold,  
Firm fixed on their foundations old ;  
From oceans that obey Thy will,  
Thy kingdom stretches, widening still,  
Far as the astonished eye can pierce  
The grand and glowing universe.

And when the eye of science fails,  
And her own region faith unveils ;  
Ascending to her heavenly goal,  
What glories burst upon the soul !  
The visible creation fades,  
The sun and stars are dimmed in shades ;  
Before that boundless vision bright,  
That blaze of uncreated light.

O God of nature and of grace,  
How spacious is thy dwelling-place !  
From low-roofed churches, towers sublime,  
From minsters sanctified by time ;  
And homes where humble Christians dwell,  
What songs of spiritual gladness swell ;  
Joining the hymn of earth and sea,  
And starry heavens, that mounts to Thee.

## JAMES DODDS, JUNR.

---

 KINSMAN of the preceding writer, James Dodds, junr., was born in 1815, in the vicinity of Kelso, Roxburghshire. Having studied at the University of Edinburgh, he followed the legal profession, and established himself as a Parliamentary solicitor in London. Mr Dodds has extensively contributed to the periodicals, both in prose and verse. He has in readiness for the press a work on the history of the Scottish Covenanters.

### THE COVENANTER'S PRAYER.

SHEPHERD that didst Joseph lead !  
Helper in the hour of need !  
Treader in the winepress ! we  
Lift our waiting eyes to Thee.  
On rush the foemen like a flood,  
And the desert gapes for blood.  
Lord ! spare the green, the ripest take !  
Hear us for Thine own name's sake !

Here stand we, on the last retreat  
That earth will yield our weary feet ;  
From rocky cave to mountain chased,  
From mountain to the desert waste ;  
From the waste to heaven we soar,  
Sinless, painless, evermore !  
Lord ! spare the green, the ripest take !  
Hear us for Thine own name's sake !

With a longing strong and deep,  
 With a bridegroom's joy we leap ;  
 We have panted for this hour,  
 To grasp the tyrant in his power ;  
 And write in blood our legacy  
 To nations struggling to be free.  
     Lord ! spare the green, the ripest take !  
     Hear us for Thine own name's sake !

Through the floods be Thou our guide,  
 In the flames be at our side ;  
 Purge us from our drossy clay,  
 Wash our mortal stains away ;  
 Christ, our King, hath passed before,  
 Bloody sea, but blessed shore !  
     Bearer of the eternal keys,  
     Bear us through our agonies !

---

## ANDREW YOUNG.

---



NATIVE of Edinburgh, Andrew Young has for many years occupied a high position as an instructor of youth. For a period of thirteen years, he held the respectable appointment of English Master in the Madras College, St Andrews. He is now resident in Edinburgh.

### THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,  
     Far, far away,  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
     Bright, bright as day.



O, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King;  
Loud let His praises ring,  
Praise, praise for aye.


Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand,  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free!  
Lord, we shall live with Thee!  
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On then to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye.

---

## PHILIP J. BAILEY.

---

HILIP JAMES BAILEY, the celebrated author of *Festus*, was born at Nottingham on the 22d April 1816. Having studied two sessions at the University of Glasgow, he devoted himself to legal pursuits, and in 1840 was called to the English bar. A writer of verse from his twelfth year, he appeared, in 1839, as the author of the remarkable poem of

*Festus*, which at once established his reputation. Mr Bailey has since published *The Angel World*, and other poems. He has abandoned the legal profession, but continues to reside in London.

## HEAVEN.

Is heaven a place where pearly streams  
Glide over silver sand,  
Like childhood's rosy dazzling dreams  
Of some far, fairy land ?

Is heaven a clime where diamond dew  
Glitter on fadeless flowers ?  
And mirth and music ring aloud  
From amaranthine bowers ?

Ah ! no ; not such, not such is heaven,  
Surpassing far all these,  
Such cannot be the guerdon given  
Man's wearied soul to please.

For saint and sinner here below  
Such vain to be have proved :  
And the pure spirit will despise  
Whate'er the sense hath loved.

There not to one created thing  
Shall our embrace be given ;  
But all our joy shall be in God,  
For only God is Heaven.



## JOHN CRAWFORD.

---



PLEASING Scottish lyric poet, John Crawford was born at Greenock in 1816. A small volume of poems and songs from his pen, under the title of *Doric Lays*, was published in 1850. Crawford resides in the town of Alloa, and is employed as an operative house-painter.

### THE DEATH OF SAUL.

BIND ye the cypress, fair daughters of Sion,  
That erst with the timbrel could waken the lay ;  
Gird on the sackcloth, fair daughters of Sion,  
The strength of the mighty has faded away.

Gilboa ! no dew let thy green herbage cherish,  
Let spring and bleak winter on thee be the same ;  
On thy green-crested heights let the tall cedar perish,  
On thee great Jehovah's anointed lies slain.

Let Ekron rejoice, and the warriors of Gath  
Unbuckle the helmet, in peace to recline ;  
Let Gaza the wine-cup of Askelon quaff,  
And thy first-fruits, Azotus, be brought to the shrine.

The mighty are fallen ! the weapons of war,  
Incrusted with blood, lie unsheathed on the plain ;  
The cloud-scaling eagle espies from afar,  
A feast 'mongst the valiant on Gilboa slain.

But heard ye that voice ? — 'twas Jehovah that spake,  
'Philistia, Philistia no more shall rejoice !  
Of thy banquets the children of Ur shall partake,  
And the lures of thy maidens no more shall entice.

' In thy halls shall the tiger at midnight carouse,  
And the jackal, unscathed, tread the temple of Baal;  
Unburied, thy dead shall contagion diffuse,  
And none shall be left o'er thy fate to bewail.'

---

## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

O LORD, my God ! I come to Thee  
With faltering voice and bended knee,  
In accents lowly, as the breath  
That stills the ravished soul in death ;  
I, trembling, come before Thy throne,  
And place my trust in Thee alone.

My father's God, I come to Thee  
When darkness shrouds the earth and sea—  
When all those little stars above  
Are lit by Thee, thou God of love ;  
Beneath a load of care and grief,  
In Thee, my God, I find relief.

When guardian-angels o'er the deep  
Their sacred vigils nightly keep ;  
When o'er the soul of hopeful youth  
Are visioned joys of love and truth,  
Then oh, my God ! with heavenly care  
Protect a lowly child of prayer.

Let friends forsake, and grief o'er cast,  
And sorrow lay my bosom waste ;  
Let dark Misfortune's blighted power  
On me her festering vials pour ;  
When 'neath Thine all-protecting care,  
I'll calm my troubled soul in prayer.


When sickness lays my feverish head  
Where worldly joys in anguish fade;  
Where prince and peasant, trembling, own  
That bliss is found through Thee alone;  
Be, then, of heavenly gifts my share,  
Acceptance of an orphan's prayer.

Ere yet life's troubled race is run—  
In death ere sinks my setting sun—  
Oh! may my soul, exulting, prove  
The glories of Thy boundless love;  
Then heavenly joys with Thee to share,  
I'll live and die a child of prayer.

---

## JOHN R. MACDUFF.

---

 NATIVE of Perthshire, John Ross Macduff was, in 1842, ordained to the ministry at Kettins, Forfarshire. He was subsequently translated to the parish of St Madoes, and, in 1856, was invited to undertake the pastoral duties in connection with the newly erected church at Sandyford, Glasgow. He is the author of numerous religious works, of which the more conspicuous are, the *Memories of Gennesaret*, *Memories of Bethany*, *Story of Bethlehem*, *Footsteps of St Paul*, and three small but most successful publications, entitled *The Faithful Promiser*, and the *Morning and Night Watches*.

## CHRIST IS ALL.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me !  
For I am weary and opprest ;  
I come to cast my soul on Thee ;  
    Thou art my rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak ;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;  
    Thou art my strength.

I am bewildered on my way ;  
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;  
O shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;  
    Thou art my light.

Why feel I desolate and lone ?  
Thy praises should my thoughts employ ;  
Thy presence can pour gladness down ;  
    Thou art my joy.

Thou hast on me so much bestowed,  
Surely I may relinquish health ;  
Thou'st made me rich, yea, rich towards God ;  
    Thou art my wealth.

I hear the storms around me rise,  
But, when I dread the impending shock,  
My spirit to her refuge flies ;  
    Thou art my rock.

When the accuser flings his darts,  
I look to Thee -- my terrors cease ;  
Thy cross, a hiding-place imparts ;  
    Thou art my peace.

Vain is all human help for me,  
I dare not trust an earthly prop ;  
My sole reliance is on Thee ;  
    Thou art my hope.

Full many a conflict must be fought!  
But shall I perish ? shall I yield ?  
Is that bright motto given for nought,  
Thou art my shield!

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;  
Thou art my life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my all.

---

#### BETHLEHEM.

WHAT are these ethereal strains  
Floating o'er Judea's plains ?  
Burning spirits throng the sky  
With their lofty minstrelsy !  
Hark ! they break the midnight trance  
With the joyous utterance —  
'Glory to God, and peace to men,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !'

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray,  
Shadows, ye may melt away !  
Prophecy, your work is done ;  
Gospel ages have begun !  
Temple ! quench your altar-fires,  
For these radiant angel-choirs  
To a ruined world proclaim—  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Pillowed is His infant head  
On a borrowed manger-bed !  
He, around whose throne above  
Angels hymned their songs of love,  
Now is wrapt by virgin hands  
In earth's meanest swaddling bands ;  
Once adored by seraphim,  
Now a babe of Bethlehem.

Eastern sages from afar,  
Guided by a mystic star,  
Followed, till its lustre mild  
Brought them to the heavenly Child.  
May each providence to me  
Like a guiding meteor be,  
Bringing nearer unto Him,  
Once the Babe of Bethlehem !

---

OLIVET.

OFt as the daylight hours were gone,  
When friends forsook, and foes beset,  
The Saviour of the world alone  
Retired to pray on Olivet.

And still, by faith, I climb its steep,  
A respite from earth's cares to find ;  
To hush distracting thoughts asleep  
Amid the Sabbath of the mind.

The saint in glory owns and sees  
A brother in the man of prayer ;  
The little infant on its knees  
Is kinsman to each seraph there !



Oh, may I cherish more and more  
The shelter of this calm retreat;  
And realise the bliss in store  
For those who love the Mercy-seat.  
When ends at last life's little day,  
Its waning sun about to set,  
My soul would soar to heaven, away  
On wings of prayer from Olivet.

---

ZAREPHATH.

WHY should I murmur or repine,  
O Lamb of God ! who bled for me ;  
What are my griefs compared with Thine,  
Thy tears — Thy groans — Thine agony !  
If Thou the furnace-flames employ,  
Thou sittest, as Refiner, near  
To purge away the base alloy  
Till Thine own image, bright, appear.  
Though oft Thy way is in the sea,  
Thy footsteps in the winged storm;  
Though crested billows threaten me—  
Love slumbers in their frowning form !  
Submissive, would I kiss the rod,  
Needful each stroke I humbly own ;  
Or let me trust Thee, O my God !  
If now, the 'need be' is unknown.  
Soon shall Thy dealings be unrolled,  
The wond'rous chart will fix my gaze,  
And heaven's revolving years unfold  
New matter, and new theme for praise.  
Wave upon wave which rolled before  
Tempestuous o'er this ruffled breast,  
Then, lulled asleep, shall break no more  
The rapture of eternal rest !

## GETHSEMANE.

YE ransomed saints ! what tongue can tell  
The terrors of that fierce array,  
When, round your Lord, the powers of hell  
Convened in dark Gethsemane !

His anguished soul, in horror bound,  
Sent up to heaven its burdened cry ;  
Trembling, He clasped the quaking ground,  
And blood-drops told His agony !

In that dread hour He stood alone,  
His own disciples basely fled ;  
No ear to catch the dismal groan  
Which pierced His soul, and bowed His head.

Stretched on the cross—the bolts of heaven  
Are on the spotless Victim hurled ;  
The rocks proclaim, in fragments riven,  
‘He bears the burden of a world !’

Around Him darkness spreads her pall,  
As if creation’s knell had rung ;  
The sun forbade his light to fall,  
Where his Almighty Maker hung.

In vain His quivering lips implored ;  
‘My God, my God !’ in vain he cries :  
Justice unsheathes her glittering sword,  
And claims the bleeding sacrifice !

‘’Tis finished !’ now the conflict’s o’er,  
The warfare ends – the work is done ;  
His anguished bosom heaves no more ;  
His groans are past—the victory won !

Stupendous climax of all woe !  
Vast miracle of awe-struck time !  
Eternity’s too short to know  
The wonders, Lord, of love like Thine !

## JERUSALEM.

TELL me, O thou captive daughter,  
Why the sackcloth on thy brow ?  
Why thy children, given to slaughter,  
Made in servitude to bow ?  
Heaven proclaims the awful story,  
'She has slain the Lord of Glory !'

She who once, in peerless splendour,  
'Mid the kingdoms sat enthroned ;  
Alien now, without defender,  
Scorned, rejected, and disowned !  
Nations ! read the thrilling story,  
Lest ye scorn the Lord of Glory !

Zion ! shall there then be spoken  
'Glorious things of thee' no more ?  
Does thy God—thy rampart broken—  
Still forbid thee to restore ?  
Go, and wail with tears the story,  
How ye slew the Lord of Glory !

Lord ! make bare Thine arm to save her,  
Let her exiles cease to roam ;  
Let the promised time to favour,  
Yea, the set time, let it come !  
Heralds, spread the joyful story,  
Judah *owns* the Lord of Glory !

Rise, ye prostrate sons of Salem,  
God once more is on your side ;  
Weeping aliens, come and hail Him  
Whom your fathers crucified.  
Teach a wondering world the story,  
How ye *love* the Lord of Glory !

## MARANATHA.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation  
Bid her groans and travail cease;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore, and faith increase—  
Maranatha !  
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story  
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;  
She shall yet behold Thy glory  
When Thou comest back to reign—  
Maranatha !  
Let each heart repeat the strain !


Though once cradled in a manger,  
Oft no pillow but the sod ;  
Here an alien and a stranger,  
Mocked of men, disowned of God—  
All creation  
Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thine exiles have been pining  
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;  
But, in heavenly vesture shining,  
Soon they shall Thy glory see—  
Maranatha !  
Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that ' blessed hope ' before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue —  
Maranatha !  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

## JAMES D. BURNS.

---

N interesting sacred poet, James D. Burns was born at Edinburgh in February 1823. On the completion of a course of theological study, he received license as a probationer of the Free Church, and was, in 1845, ordained to the ministry at Dunblane. In 1848 he resigned his charge, and proceeded to Madeira. He now labours as pastor of a Presbyterian church at Hampstead, Middlesex. In 1854, he published *The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems*, which has passed through several editions.

### HONOUR WILL OFT ELUDE THE GRASP.

HONOUR will oft elude the grasp  
That rashly courts the prize ;  
The radiant phantom we would clasp,  
Still, as we follow, flies.  
But oft on Duty's lowly way,  
Unsought will honour meet  
The patient traveller, and lay  
Her treasures at his feet.

Thus, he who went to seek of old  
Some asses that had strayed,  
Found on his way a crown of gold  
Placed sudden on his head.  
And he whose bad ambition dared  
A father's crown to seize,  
Found treason's bitter doom prepared  
Among the forest trees.

## FRIENDS I LOVE.

FRIENDS I love may die or leave me,  
Friends I trust may treacherous prove ;  
But Thou never wilt deceive me,  
O my Saviour ! in Thy love.  
Change can ne'er this union sever,  
Death its links may never part ;  
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,  
Thou the same Redeemer art.

On the cross, love made Thee bearer  
Of transgressions not Thine own ;  
And that love still makes Thee sharer  
In our sorrows on the throne.  
From Thy glory Thou art bending  
Still on earth a pitying eye ;  
And, 'mid angels' songs ascending,  
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness,  
Cold and proud our hearts may be ;  
But to whom, in fear and sadness,  
Can we go but unto Thee ?  
From that depth of gloom and sorrow,  
Where Thy love to man was shewn,  
Every bleeding heart may borrow  
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter,  
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,  
This, Thy love, will make it sweeter  
Than the world's best mingled wine.  
Darker days may yet betide me,  
Sharper sorrows I may prove ;  
But the worst will ne'er divide me,  
O my Saviour ! from Thy love.

## THOUGH LONG THE WANDERER MAY DEPART.

THOUGH long the wanderer may depart,  
And far his footsteps roam,  
He clasps the closer to his heart  
The image of his home.  
To that loved land, where'er he goes,  
His tenderest thoughts are cast,  
And dearer still, through absence, grows  
The memory of the past.

Though Nature on another shore  
Her softest smiles may wear,  
The vales, the hills he loved before,  
To him are far more fair.  
The heavens that met his childhood's eye,  
All clouded though they be,  
Seem brighter than the sunniest sky  
Of climes beyond the sea.

So Faith, a stranger on the earth,  
Still turns its eye above ;  
The child of an immortal birth  
Seeks more than mortal love.  
The scenes of earth, though very fair,  
Want home's endearing spell ;  
And all his heart and hope are where  
His God and Saviour dwell.

He may behold them dimly here,  
And see them as not nigh ;  
But all he loves will yet appear  
Unclouded to his eye.  
To that fair city, now so far,  
Rejoicing he will come —  
A better light than Bethlehem's star  
Guides every wanderer home.

## BID ME COME WITH THEE ON THE WATER.

O, in the dark and stormy night,  
When far from land, I cry with fear ;  
Shine o'er the waves, Thou holy light,  
Then, O my Saviour, be Thou near.  
Though from afar, let me but see,  
Dim through the dark, Thy gliding form ;  
And bright the gloomy hour will be  
That brought Thy presence in the storm.

Then lift Thy hand and bid me come,  
And higher though the tempest blow ;  
I, through the wind and through the gloom,  
To Thy loved side will gladly go.  
The wind is fair that blows to Thee,  
The wave is firm that bears me on ;  
And, stronger still, that love to me  
Which many waters could not drown.

Or for Thy coming bid me wait,  
My soul in patience shall abide ;  
And though the storm may not abate,  
I will not seek another guide.  
With Thee I fear no angry blast ;  
With Thee my course points ever home ;  
And in good time, all perils past,  
To the fair haven I shall come.





## BAYARD TAYLOR.

---



POET and extensive American writer, Bayard Taylor was born in January 1825, in the state of Pennsylvania. In his eighteenth year, he produced a long poem on an incident in Spanish history. He has since prosecuted a successful literary career. One of the most adventurous of modern travellers, his published works of travel have commanded well-merited attention. His poetical works, which had appeared at different periods, were, in 1856, collected into an octavo volume.

### JERUSALEM.

FAIR shines the moon, Jerusalem,  
Upon the hills that wore  
Thy glory once, their diadem  
E'er Judah's reign was o'er.  
The stars on hallowed Olivet,  
And over Sion burn,  
But when shall rise thy splendours set ?  
Thy majesty return ?

Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,  
And broken are thy walls ;  
The harp of Israel sounds no more  
In thy deserted halls !  
But where thy kings and prophets trod  
Triumphant over death,  
Behold the living soul of God--  
The Christ of Nazareth !

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem ?—  
Her scattered children bring  
From earth's far ends, and gather them  
Beneath her sheltering wing ?  
For Judah's sceptre, broken, lies,  
And from his kingly stem  
No new Messiah shall arise  
For lost Jerusalem !


How long, O Christ, shall men obscure  
Thy holy charity ?—  
How long the godless rites endure  
Which they bestow on Thee ?  
Thou, in whose soul of tenderness  
The Father's mercy shone ;  
Who came, the sons of men to bless  
By truth and love alone.

The suns of eighteen hundred years  
Have seen thy reign expand,  
And morning, on her pathway, hears  
Thy name in every land ;  
But where Thy sacred steps were sent  
The Father's will to bide,  
Thy garments yet are daily rent—  
Thy soul is crucified !



## JOHN ANDERSON.

---

HE only child of John Anderson, D.D., the subject of this notice was born in the manse of Newburgh, Fifeshire. Educated at the University of St Andrews, he was ordained minister of St John's Church, Dundee, in 1844. He was subsequently translated to the East Church, Perth; and in 1852, was preferred to the church-living of Kinnoull, Perthshire. An extensive contributor to the leading periodicals, both in prose and verse, Mr Anderson has published two volumes of poems, entitled *The Pleasures of Home*, and *The Legend of Glencoe*.

### SABBATH BELLS.

SWEET Sabbath bells ! ye waft my soul  
On your solemn chimes at even,  
To the land where life's glad waters roll  
Through the pastures green of heaven.

Sweet Sabbath bells ! no temple there  
Gathers a holy throng ;  
For every heart is a shrine of prayer,  
And 'every voice is song.'

No weekly calm, in the world above,  
Shall breathe upon scenes of care ;  
For the moments of heaven are bright with love,  
And each is a Sabbath there.

No ear for the songs of the blest has he  
Who loves not the Sabbath bell ;  
Breathing its sacred melody  
Over city, and field, and fell.

Oh ! take its *shade* from a 'weary' clime,  
And its *well* from the desert's breast;  
But leave to a world of care and crime  
The depth of its Sabbath rest !

Like islands green, 'mid the stream of life,  
Our blessed Sabbaths rise,  
Where our barks may rest from storm and strife,  
As they float to Paradise.

O God of love ! send forth a blast  
From Thy spirit, full and free,  
That their beaten sails may fold at last  
In a haven of peace with Thee.

---

## NIGHT.

NIGHT ! floating to thy cloudy throne,  
Most beautiful art thou,  
With the melting star of eve alone  
Soft beaming on thy brow.

I never see that holy star,  
But I think the eye of God,  
With the light of love from worlds afar,  
Looks down on man's abode.

Oh ! give to hearts that never bled  
The golden beams of dawn,  
With smiles upon the mountain-head,  
And gleams upon the lawn.

But to hearts that weep, when others sleep,  
The friends who dwell afar,  
Oh ! call the night from heaven's blue deep,  
With her holy vesper-star.

Night peoples the lone captive's cell  
With faces fond and dear,  
And sings the lays he loved so well  
In happier days to hear.

Night thrills the weary exile's breast  
With the voices of his home,  
And the murmuring streams he loved the best,  
Far over the ocean's foam.

Night can restore to aged eyes  
The golden morn of youth,  
When earth was bathed in heaven's own dyes,  
When life was love and truth.

And oh ! how dear to hearts that weep  
O'er time's unsparing war,  
Night, rising soft from heaven's blue deep,  
With her holy vesper-star.

The prayer that shuns the blaze of day,  
Comes with the star of eve,  
And gently steals the load away  
From bosoms prone to grieve.

As song-birds, 'mid the glare of noon,  
Sit silent in the light,  
And pour their being forth in tune,  
With the falling dews of night.

Oh ! like a weary, weary child  
That sobs itself to rest,  
Full many a spirit lays its head  
On night's maternal breast.

For oh ! how dear to hearts that weep  
O'er time's unsparing war,  
Night, rising soft from heaven's blue deep,  
With her holy vesper-star.

---

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Work ! thy mission is not slumber ;  
Sleep beseemeth not the soul ;  
Sins and sorrows, without number,  
Stand between thee and the goal.

Tremble ! lest thy foot should stumble ;  
Death pursues on fleetest steed ;  
Strive with courage, yet be humble ;  
Be the wings of prayer thy speed !

Fear ! lest pleasure should entice thee  
To forget the holy prize ;  
Fear ! lest riches should advise thee  
Heavenly treasures to despise.

Tremble ! for the heart within thee,  
Tremble ! for the world without ;  
Fear ! lest sin or sorrow win thee  
Once to droop, despond, or doubt.

Work ! and rend each galling fetter  
Satan would impose on thee ;  
Rest not—either worse or better,  
Every day thy soul must be.

Fearing, trembling, striving, praying,  
Onward, like yon rolling river ;  
Man's delaying proves decaying,  
Soul immortal resteth never.

Rest celestial is not slumber,  
Glory's pathway climbs to God ;  
Seraphs, spirits without number,  
Tread that ever-rising road.

Ever up to Godhead soaring,  
'Tis their glory still to soar ;  
'Mid eternal bliss adoring,  
Heaven behind, around, before.

---

## THE VACANT CHAIR.

Ah ! many a saddening sight we see  
In this dark world of care ;  
But saddest of them all to me—  
The Vacant Chair.

The face, no more on earth to smile,  
Smiles sadly, sweetly there ;  
Fond, foolish fancy for a while  
Refills the Vacant Chair.

It stands as if the lost would come  
Our evening mirth to share ;  
Vain dream ! he fills another home  
That sees no Vacant Chair.

It keeps the place it always kept ;  
Can change have fallen there ?  
Have bosoms throbbed, have eyelids wept,  
Above that Vacant Chair ?

Hark ! well-known steps the threshold press,  
A voice is in the air ;  
Vain fancy ! add not to distress—  
Oh, leave that Vacant Chair !

What earthly home hath stood for years  
Amid the world of care?  
Nor seen its smiles melt into tears,  
Nor mourned its Vacant Chair?

In one it is a parent old—  
In one an infant fair—  
In one the playmate, blithe and bold—  
That makes the Vacant Chair.

And oft, when Christmas revels call  
Sad hearts to banish care,  
A spectre slowly treads the hall,  
And fills the Vacant Chair.

Oh, may we reach that home above,  
Where sadness hath no share;  
Where breath is bliss, where life is love,  
Where stands no Vacant Chair.

---

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

'MID the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines  
For the cool shadow and the streamlet clear,  
Seeking his weary way to Zion's shrines,  
A fountain murmurs comfort in his ears.

Stern winter seals not up that source of bliss,  
The eastern sunbeam never drinks it dry;  
Fresh flowers and greenest grass its waters kiss,  
And whispering palms defend it from the sky.

There men of every clime refreshment seek;  
All sins and sorrows meet securely there;  
These waves have kissed Remorse's haggard cheek,  
And smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of Care.



The lip of Passion there hath quenched its flame,  
While pale Contrition sadly hung its head ;  
That fount hath mirrored back the blush of Shame,  
And washed the savage hand with Murder red !

Sinner, for thee a purer fountain flows,  
To soothe the sorrowful, to help the weak ;  
To wash the reddest crimes, like spotless snows  
That gleam on Lebanon's untrodden peak.

Come, men of every crime and every care,  
Behold the words upon that fountain's brink—  
If any sigh in sin, to Me repair ;  
Or thirst in sorrow, ' come to Me and drink ! '

The Word of God is that unfailing fount,  
Life is the desert where its waters flow ;  
Drink, if you hope to win the holy mount,  
Where Zion's shrines in light eternal glow.

---

#### GOD IS LOVE.

THE summer sky, so blue and clear,  
Bent like a dome above,  
And breathed a voice in fancy's ear,  
' My God is love.'

From bowers of green, full many a lay  
Rang through the leafy grove,  
And countless voices seemed to say,  
' Our God is love.'

Sparkling amid the piny glade,  
I watched the brooklet rove ;  
While echo whispered through the shade,  
' My God is love.'

The bloom that brightened on the lea,  
The beam that laughed above,  
And the wave that wandered o'er the sea,  
Said, 'God is love.'

O man ! let every deed of thine—  
Let all thy words and ways  
Send up to God's celestial shrine  
Like gratitude and praise.

For unseen steps, with angel care,  
Around thy pathway move,  
And life should tell thee everywhere  
That 'God is love.'

---

THE DYING SAINT'S PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

*(Contributed.)*

HOLY Father ! lend thine ear  
To a fainting mortal's cry;  
In Thy love and pity hear,  
Breathe a pardon e'er I die.

Blessed Jesus ! in the tide  
Poured upon the fatal tree,  
Let my soul be purified  
E'er it meets a Judge in Thee.

Holy Spirit ! sent by One  
Skilled in human pain and grief,  
Help me till the combat's done,  
Bring, O bring my soul relief.

Glorious and eternal Three !  
Give my spirit power to sing,  
Grave, how brief thy victory !  
Death, how vain thy sting !

## THE FALLING LEAF.

*(Contributed.)*

THE falling leaf ! it speaks to me  
Of days that never more can be ;  
Of freshness gone, of vigour fled,  
And pleasures numbered with the dead.

The falling leaf ! it speaks of those  
Who slumber in a last repose ;  
Who bloomed, then vanished from the tree,  
And now are what I soon must be.

The falling leaf ! the falling leaf !  
It says that life is frail and brief ;  
It bids me seize the vernal year,  
For death's cold winter hastens near.

When through the autumn's grove I tread,  
I seem to wander 'mid the dead ;  
For what are leaves that sapless lie,  
But types of men that bloom and die ?


No, falling leaf ! there waits for me  
A destiny denied to thee ;  
Thou livest but to fade away  
I die to live—and live for aye !

Yes, brighter sky and fairer land  
Shall see the souls of men expand ;  
Green leaves, of that celestial tree  
Whose name is Immortality !

Life's sparkling river bathes its roots,  
Seraphs and saints partake its fruits ;  
O'er pastures green its branches nod—  
Love is its spring—its sun the living God.

## WILLIAM REID.

---

ILLIAM REID was born at Cotton of Carse, near Forfar, in April 1822. Having graduated at King's College, Aberdeen, and studied theology at Edinburgh, he became a preacher of the Gospel in 1850. Three years later, he originated the *British Messenger*, published by Mr Peter Drummond of Stirling, which he still conducts. In 1855 he published a volume of religious papers, entitled *Streams from Lebanon*. His constant aim is the diffusion of the Gospel, and the revival of the work of God—as the following composition shews :

### A REVIVAL HYMN.

O LORD, send down the heavenly rain  
On Albion's parchèd ground ;  
O let refreshing times again  
By Jesus' friends be found.

As silent dew, at early dawn,  
Reviving fields and flowers ;  
So let the promised 'Dew' revive  
These drooping hearts of ours.

We hide Thy promise in our hearts,  
Our souls to heaven we raise ;  
We look, we watch, we wait for Thee,  
Till prayer give place to praise.

Come now, O God of mercy, come  
In Thy soul-quickenning power ;  
Outpour Thy Spirit on our land,  
Like summer's plenteous shower.

Father of Jesus, hear our prayer,  
And heavenly grace impart;  
Breathe life into the lifeless soul—  
Love in the loveless heart !

O for the love of Calvary's Cross,  
For all our Saviour bore ;  
Guilt pardon, sin subdue, and send  
The blessing we implore.

Our prayers, unceasing, shall ascend  
Until that blessing come ;  
We'll cry for grace, until lost souls  
In Jesus find a home.

O may Thy Word, with saving power,  
Be preached, and heard, and read,  
That Thine own saints may be refreshed,  
And Life awake the dead !


We long to see a work of grace  
Far-reaching, deep, and wide ;  
A river flowing on to bear  
Each sinner on its tide.

And, Lord, if grace be thus bestowed  
In showers and streams of love ;  
Loud halleluiahs from our shores  
Shall reach the land above



## ANDREW J. SYMINGTON.

---

NDREW JAMES SYMINGTON was born at Paisley in July 1825. From early youth, he has been devoted to literary and artistic studies. In 1849 he published *Harebell Chimes*, a volume of superior poetry. A prose work, in two duodecimo volumes, appeared from his pen in 1857, under the title, *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life*.

### ONWARD.

THE birds are twittering in the early dawn,  
The lingering stars burn faintly in the sky,  
A gentle murmuring breeze sweeps o'er the lawn,  
Day comes once more, and shadows trooping fly.

The sun has sunk beneath the horizon's rim,  
The stars shine out, birds all have gone to rest;  
The busy world is hushed, yet visions swim  
Before this throbbing brain, with care oppressed.

Vain thus, from night to morn, to lie awake,  
O'er things that might have been, but never were,  
A-brooding! Duty calls—fresh courage take—  
The humblest child is not beneath His care!



## J. STANYAN BIGG.



STANYAN BIGG was born, in July 1828, at Ulverstone, North Lancashire, in the immediate vicinity of the English Lakes. He was educated at the Grammar school of his native town, and subsequently at a private academy near Stratford-on-Avon. In 1848 he appeared as a poet, by the publication of *The Sea King, a Metrical Romance*. His more celebrated poem, *Night and the Soul*, was published in 1854. In 1856 he became editor of the *Downshire Protestant* newspaper, and has since resided at Downpatrick. *Alfred Stawnton*, a novel, appeared from his pen early in 1859.

### FAR AWAY.

(Contributed.)

AH ! the heavens are too high,  
And the sunshine and the light,  
And the purple mountains far,  
And the moonbeam and the star,  
And the round and rolling white  
Of the sun-cloud sailing bright  
Through a sea of molten light ;  
And the shows of day and night  
Seem not what they are !

Evermore a glory breaks  
Over peak and over plain,  
In the distance far away ;  
And the gorgeous skirts of day

Hide the hollows full of pain,  
Hide the rents and hide the rain,  
Hide the dark funereal train,  
Hide the clouds that come again ;  
    But no living thing can say  
    It hath touched the gorgeous day,  
Which for ever, and for ever  
Glideth on, a golden river,  
    Far away, far away !

Evermore there bursts a bud  
    Which may never come to bloom ;  
    Evermore, in cloudy car,  
    Beameth up some royal star  
    Which some evil thing may mar ;  
Evermore, the summer seas  
    Dance in light ; the laden trees  
    Stoop in glory to the breeze ;  
But the beauty of the flower,  
    And the lustre on the sea,  
    And the glory of the tree,  
    And the radiance of the star,  
Are not star, nor tree, nor flower,  
But of that which, hour by hour,  
Lendeth them their golden dower ;  
Who shall know it ? for the flower,  
    Star and sea,  
    Bud and tree,  
    Seem not what they are !

Evermore a crimson dawn,  
Or a glory-swimming noon,  
    Or a night as bright as day—  
    With a never-ending play  
Of beaming star and moon—  
Gladdens all the heavens with dreams,  
Gladdens all the earth with gleams,




Of forgotten things, and streams  
 Dimpled lustre on the river  
     Far away ;  
 But for ever, all the glory  
 Of the never-ending story,  
     And for ever, and for ever,  
     All the bright and careless play  
         Of the sunbeam,  
         Of the moonbeam,  
 On the tree-top, on the river,  
 Are for ever, oh, for ever !  
     Far away, far away !

---

## HENRY BOYDEN.

---

ENRY BOYDEN was born at Birmingham in 1832. In his sixteenth year he appeared on the platform, as an advocate of the Temperance movement. Having completed, with distinction, the prescribed course of study, he obtained orders in the Church of England. He now holds a living in Birmingham.

### THE BELIEVER'S HYMN.

*(Contributed.)*

WHILE angels bend before Thee,  
 Surround Thy sacred throne ;  
 While cherubim adore Thee,  
 Their God and King alone,  
     E'en then, O Father,  
 Hear an humble suppliant's groan.

While songs of praise and gladness  
Peal through the courts on high,  
Look down upon our sadness,  
Look down with pitying eye;  
O blessed Saviour,  
Fill our aching hearts with joy.

While others run to ruin,  
And tread the path of sin,  
May we, their ways eschewing,  
Our walk of faith begin;  
And, pressing forward,  
The crown of fadeless glory win.

And when our strength is failing,  
And sorrow glooms the brow;  
When 'neath the powers assailing,  
Our weakened bodies bow;  
Then, blessed Spirit!  
Let Thy love and comfort flow.

---

## FREDERICK J. PERRY.

---



FREDERICK J. PERRY was born at Watlington, Norfolk, on the 28th January 1832. After being employed for some years in educational pursuits, he devoted himself to theological study, and in 1855 became pastor of a body of Congregationalists at Ashton. He now ministers in the same connection at Ilminster, in the county of Somerset. Mr Perry has published a volume of poems, and several small prose works on religious subjects.

## THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

*(Contributed.)*

I stood upon the beach at even,  
Darker the clouds above me grew,  
Till 'sable was the vault of heaven,  
And lightnings o'er the waters flew.  
On shore the forest trees were bending,  
Upon the sea, the billow's crest,  
With fierce tempestuous wrath extending,  
Covered with foam its heaving breast.

I saw a bark by wild waves shattered,  
Its cordage flying with the gale,  
Its broken masts in fragments scattered,  
And rudely rent each quivering sail.  
Hope came—for fast the shore 'twas gaining;  
Hope fled—for rocks appeared between:  
It struck ! a stranded wreck remaining,  
Alone declared what once had been.

And what is life ? a stormy ocean !  
Man the frail bark, and heaven the shore,  
Which, after many a fierce commotion,  
That bark may reach to leave no more.  
But if, by guilt and error driven,  
On sin's dark rocks it strikes at last,  
A fearful wreck—in sight of heaven—  
It sinks ! and hope is ever past.



## MRS BARRETT BROWNING.



POETESS of remarkable ingenuity and power, Elizabeth Barrett is a native of London. She composed verses so early as her tenth year ; and, at the age of fifteen, she began to shew decided promise of poetical excellence. In 1833, she published anonymously a translation of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. Her next publication, *The Seraphim and other Poems*, was well received, and established her reputation. About the year 1848 she became the wife of the poet Robert Browning. Mrs Browning has since resided with her husband in Florence. Her collected poetical works have been published in two duodecimo volumes.

### THE SLEEP.

‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist’s music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this,  
‘He giveth *His* beloved sleep?’

What would we give to our beloved ?  
The hero’s heart to be unmoved ;  
The poet’s star-tuned harp to sweep ;  
The patriot’s voice to teach and rouse ;  
The monarch’s crown, to light the brows ?  
‘He giveth *His* beloved sleep.’

What do we give to our beloved ?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to over weep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake,  
'He giveth *His* beloved sleep.'

Sleep soft, beloved ! we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
'He giveth *His* beloved sleep.'

O earth, so full of dreary noises !  
O men, with wailing in your voices !  
O delv'd gold, the wailer's heap !  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And 'giveth *His* beloved sleep.'

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated over head,  
'He giveth *His* beloved sleep.'

Yea, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep,  
But angels say—and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
He giveth *His* beloved sleep !'


For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the juggler's leap—  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would, childlike, on *His* love repose,  
Who 'giveth *His* beloved sleep.'

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath has gone from me,  
And round my bier you come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall.  
He giveth *His* beloved sleep.'

---

## SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

---

HE greatest of living novelists, and a poet of no mean order, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was born at Heydon Hall, Norfolk, in 1805. He began to write elegant verses in early boyhood. In 1828 he published *Pelham*, the first of that series of novels which has delighted and surprised the world. The poetry of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has been collected in five octavo volumes.

## ADDRESS TO THE SOUL IN DESPONDENCY

No, soul ! not in vain thou hast striven,  
Unless thou abandon the strife ;  
Forsworn to the banners of heaven,  
If false in the battle of life.

Why—counting the gain or the loss—  
The badge of the Temple assume ?  
March on ; if thy sign be the Cross,  
Thy triumph must be at the Tomb.

Say, doth not the soldier rejoice,  
If placed by his chief at the van ?  
As spirit, submit to the choice,  
The noble would welcome as man.

‘Farewell to the splendour of light,’  
The Greek would exulting exclaim ;  
Resigned to the Hades of night,  
To live in the air as a name.

Could he, for a future so vain,  
Every pang in the present control,  
Yet thou of a moment complain  
In thine infinite life as a soul ?

Like thee, do not millions receive  
Their chalice embittered with gall ?  
If good be creation—believe  
*That* good which is common to all ?

In evil itself, to the glance  
Of the wise, half the riddles are clear ;  
Were wisdom but perfect, perchance  
The rest might in love disappear.


The thunder that scatters the pest  
 May be but a type of the whole ;  
 And storms which have darkened the breast  
 May bring but its health to the soul.

Can earth, where the harrow is driven,  
 The sheaf in the furrow foresee ?—  
 Or thou guess the harvest of heaven,  
 Where iron has entered in thee ?

---

RICHARD HUIE, M.D.

---

N esteemed writer of sacred lyrics, Dr Huie was born at Aberdeen in 1795. Having chosen the medical profession, he studied at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1815, obtained his diploma as surgeon. After a period of further medical study in London, conducted under eminent physicians, he commenced practice in Dundee. In 1822, he removed to Edinburgh, where he has since prosecuted his professional duties. In 1843, Dr Huie published a volume of Sacred Lyrics ; he has likewise contributed papers to the public journals in furtherance of schemes of Christian philanthropy.



## CONSOLATION.

O THINK that, while you're weeping here,  
His hand a golden harp is stringing ;  
And, with a voice serene and clear,  
His ransomed soul, without a tear,  
His Saviour's praise is singing !

And think that all his pains are fled,  
His toils and sorrows closed for ever ;  
While He, whose blood for man was shed,  
Has placed upon His servant's head  
A crown, which fadeth never !

And think that (in that awful day,  
Where darkness, sun, and moon is shading),  
The form, which 'midst its kindred clay,  
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,  
Shall rise to life unfading !


Then weep no more for him that's gone,  
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter ;  
But on that Great High-Priest alone,  
Who can for guilt like ours atone,  
Your own affections centre !

For thus, while round your lowly bier,  
Surviving friends are sadly bending,  
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,  
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,  
Faith lightest pinions lending !

And thus, when to the silent tomb,  
Your lifeless dust like his is given,  
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,  
That yet again, in youthful bloom,  
That dust shall smile in heaven !

## ISABELLA CRAIG.

---

 HE author of the Crystal Palace Prize Ode in honour of the poet Burns, Isabella Craig published, in 1856, a duodecimo volume of meritorious poetry, entitled *Poems by Isa.* She was born in Edinburgh—her father, who was a native of Aberdeen, having carried on business as a hosier in that city. Miss Craig holds the office of Acting-Secretary to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. She contributes to the periodicals.

### THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

TRUTH is eternal as its source,  
For suns had burned and planets rolled,  
Though man had never learnt the course  
Of nature to unfold,  
But deemed those thousand points of light  
Were spangles on the brow of night.  
Yet mighty is the mind of man ;  
For giant power to it is given  
The awful realms of space to span,  
And scale the boundless heights of heaven,  
And trace, in nature's changeless laws,  
The image of her glorious cause.  
Explore creation's regions wide,  
For things that are revealed are thine !  
But search not, mortal, in thy pride,  
The counsels of the will Divine !  
As well make yonder cloud thy car,  
And think to reach the farthest star.

Match, with the infant of a day,  
A mind in its developed might,  
The little soul can hold no ray  
Of all its intellectual light—  
Can thine, within its compass small,  
The mind that made and moveth all ?  
All mysteries are truths, but set  
Above us in the depths of night ;  
We reach them—and lo ! further yet  
Are worlds of undiscovered light ;  
The mysteries of God are far  
Beyond where things created are.  
Life is a mystery—we are  
Before, behind, beyond, above,  
Lost in the dread immensity  
Of Him in whom our spirits move.  
Life is a mystery—death shall fill  
Our souls with higher mysteries still.

---

## TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

Where art thou ?  
Above the stars of light,  
Beyond thought's utmost flight,  
Art thou now ?  
Or art thou near,  
In thine old household ways,  
Where we could see thee, if to mortal gaze  
A spirit might appear,  
Looking, with sad amaze,  
On all our folly here ?  
Say, dost thou roam  
From world to world afar ?  
Or is yon radiant star  
Thy blessed home ?

O stars ! I've thought ye were  
The many mansions of our Father's home.  
    Spirit, where'er  
    Thou art, there we shall come.

What art thou ?  
Such as the angels bright,  
Something as swift as light,  
    Art thou now ?  
Dost thou retain  
Shape of thy mortal mould ?  
So that, if but permitted to behold,  
We would thee know again—  
Or, formless, uncontrolled,  
Spirit, dost thou remain ?  
    Floatest thou in air,  
Sightless and voiceless all,  
Can change ne'er on thee fall,  
    A rapture, a despair ?  
But this we know, that were  
Our souls, as soon they must, from earth set free,  
    Spirit, whate'er  
    Thou art, that we shall be.

---

#### THE AFFLICTED'S PRAYER.

OH ! spare the rod,  
    Thy wrath remove,  
And visit me in love,  
    My Father, God.

Thou art all-wise,  
    Erring I've been ;  
And, Father, Thou hast seen  
    Need to chastise.

And now I say,  
Thy will be done ;  
My will with Thine make one,  
Father, I pray.


These earthly things  
Fill not my heart ;  
Thou alone fountain art  
Of its deep springs.

Thy love is best—  
Give me but this ;  
All else is weariness—  
Thy love is rest.

---

## MARGARET CRAWFORD.

---

 FEMALE poet of much promise, Margaret Crawford was born in February 1833, in the parish of Liberton, Mid-Lothian. The daughter of an operative gardener, she has hitherto prosecuted knowledge under difficulties. In 1855 she published a small volume of poems, under the title of 'Rustic Lays,' which has deservedly been well received.

### ANGELS' WHISPERS.

In those hours when thought is creeping  
O'er my heart and through my brain,  
Feelings, which have long been sleeping,  
Waken into life again.

Blissful visions flit before me ;  
Hope is kindled in my breast ;  
Holy voices, breathing o'er me,  
Tell me where to find my rest.

Heralds bright, of heaven's own sending,  
From the eternal realms of day ;  
Angel-forms are round me bending,  
And methinks I hear them say :

'Child of earth, O cease thy sighing—  
Lift thy tearful eye above !  
See the joy before thee lying  
In yon glorious land of love.

'Think not thou to bask in pleasure  
In a changing world like this ;  
Heavenward turn, and search for treasure  
'Mid the golden fields of bliss.

'Look not on the past with sorrow,  
Though it shadowed be in gloom ;  
Darkest night has still a morrow—  
Winter past, the flowers will bloom.

'So with thee ; though now enshrouded  
In the dreary night of dread,  
Soon shall peace, free and unclouded,  
Burst in brightness o'er thy head.

'Not in anger art thou stricken ;  
Murmur not against the rod ;  
Every wound is meant to quicken  
And to lead thee to thy God.'


Thus they speak in whispered voices,  
Till my spirit-yearnings cease ;  
Till my humbled heart rejoices  
In those promises of peace.

Mortal thoughts are all forbidden ;  
Earth, and all that's earthly dies ;  
Glories, far with Jesus hidden,  
Draw me upward to the skies.

---

MRS J. B. SIMPSON.

---

ANE CROSS BELL is the daughter of James Bell, Esq., Advocate, and was born in Glasgow. At an early period she contributed numerous poetical compositions to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which were received with much favour. Her separate publications consist of a volume of tales and sketches, entitled the *Piety of Daily Life*; a volume of lyric poetry, named *April Hours*; *Woman's History*; and *Linda, or Beauty and Genius*, a poem published in 1859. In 1837, Miss Bell was married to her cousin, Mr J. B. Simpson, and has since resided chiefly at Glasgow.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the day declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And, in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,  
If any such there be.  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim ;  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.  
Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way ;  
Even then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
May reach His throne of glory,  
Who is mercy, truth, and love !  
Oh ! not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer !  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
And remember, in thy gladness,  
His grace who gave thee all.

---

## LIFE AND DEATH.

It is a solemn thing to live !  
To feel we bear within  
A perpetuity of years  
Soon as those years begin ;  
To know eternal power hath placed  
In this, our mortal shrine,  
An essence kindred with His own,  
Mysterious and divine ;



A mind, a soul, a priceless part,  
With boundless wishes rife;  
Ah! well, bewildered, may we start  
And ponder, what is life!

It is a solemn thing to live!  
To feel how sin hath flung  
Such deadly blight o'er souls that once  
Pure from their Maker sprung.  
So dark our guilt that nought could wash  
Away the crimson dye,  
But uncreated Love must bear  
A death of agony!  
Most wonderful, most fearful truth!  
Whose faith alone imparts  
The hope of pardon and of peace  
To self-condemning hearts.

It is a solemn thing to live!  
To see how, day by day,  
All that is beautiful and dear  
Is passing swift away:  
The accents kind, the looks of love,  
The friends that shared youth's hours,  
Are, one by one, fast gathering hence,  
Cut down like autumn flowers!  
What is there breathes and fadeth not?  
*Our* time is waning too—  
To all that gladdens here, or grieves,  
Soon must we bid adieu.

It is a solemn thing to live!  
More solemn still to die—  
To pass the narrow gate of time,  
And live eternally!

To know, when God the nations calls  
Before his throne to stand,  
Our spirits, too, must there appear  
Amid that countless band.  
Thrice blessed they who watch and pray  
In faith that hour to see ;  
Lord ! since for ever we must live,  
Oh ! let us live with Thee !

---

## THE BEST MONARCHY.

‘ Let us love one another, for love is of God.’

WHENE’ER an angry word is said, or unkind look is  
given,  
I think of my beloved dead, and of their rest in  
heaven ;  
No cloud is ever on their brow, or passion taints their  
lips,  
The peace that wraps their spirits now, can suffer no  
eclipse.

On earth they ever walked in love, amid a finer air,  
Robed in untiring gentleness, as in a mantle rare ;  
And if some shallow worldling soul e’er offered slight  
or wrong,  
They did but shake their glittering folds, and passed  
in light along.

How often has a silent look, when accents harsh were  
spoken,  
Stayed, at its source, the flood that soon its bounds  
had madly broken ;  
How oft the tender smile that told the offence was all  
forgiven,  
Hath pled with tongue most eloquent the cause of  
truth and heaven !

We boast the might of ancestry, of knowledge, wit,  
and gold,  
But there's a nobler sovereignty, of kingly lineage old ;  
And passions' legions, 'neath that sway, fall back  
abashed and dumb,  
The power supreme of every age, past, present, and to  
come.


O law of Love ! the world within thou fill'st with holy  
light,  
Even as the morn the world without makes beautiful  
and bright !  
Of visible things, the sun is still God's grandest work  
confest,  
And of His secret gifts to man, thou art the purest—  
best !

Ye, then, who e'er by hearth or board, with wrathful  
tones would mar  
The dear domestic peace, should guard our households  
like a star—  
Weigh well the motto of my verse—a pearl with  
meaning fraught—  
And let it sink, like holy dew, into your inmost  
thought ;  
If wise as serpents ye would prove, yet harmless as the  
dove,  
Give place to all sweet charities, and rule—O rule by  
love !



## JAMES G. SMALL.

---

AMES G. SMALL is a native of Edinburgh, in which city his father, George Small, held office in the magistracy, and established the House of Refuge and the Lock Hospital. Having attended the University of Edinburgh, he there attained distinction as a successful competitor for various prize poems. In 1843, he published a volume of poems, entitled *The Highlands, &c.*, and this work has since passed through several editions. Two small poetical works from his pen have likewise been well received. In 1847, Mr Small was ordained pastor of the Free Church at Bervie, Kincardineshire.

### THE WELCOME TO GLORY.

A HEAVENLY voice is falling  
Upon my silent heart,  
I hear it softly calling  
My spirit to depart.

With tottering footsteps wending  
Along a rugged path,  
I feel I am descending  
Into the vale of death.

Yet its dark precincts treading—  
Feeling its gloom so near—  
I enter it undreading;  
For, wherefore should I fear?

That Shepherd is beside me,  
To guard me and to cheer,  
Who wont through life to guide me,  
Has brought me safely here.

Then let me still, as slowly  
I tread this region dim,  
Breathe through my heart a holy,  
A deep and silent hymn.

Soon, soon shall it be given  
This feeble voice of mine,  
With all the choir of heaven,  
To raise a song divine.

In one full chorus pouring  
The everlasting strain !  
With grateful joy adoring  
The Lamb that once was slain.

And even while yet I'm numbered  
With those who dwell below,  
With mortal flesh encumbered,  
Amid a world of woe,

May not this heart be sweetly  
Attuned by God's own hand,  
To join, and not unmeetly,  
With that rejoicing band—

Its deep tones humbly blending  
With that celestial song,  
Whose strains of joy, unending,  
In heaven it shall prolong.

## HYMN FOR THE OPENING YEAR.

'MIDST wintry gloom, and winds that wail,  
As through the woods they sweep,  
The new-born year, all sad and pale,  
Awakes to sigh and weep.  
Even so the life of faith begins—  
Grief clouds the soul at first,  
When all its once unheeded sins  
On startled Conscience burst.

But as the balmy airs of spring  
The brooding clouds dispel,  
Or from their breasts sweet nurture bring  
The clustering buds to swell ;  
So gales of heavenly comfort sweep  
Contrition's gloom away ;  
And they who sow in tears, shall reap  
In joys that last for aye.

Lord, if the year that now has fled  
With all its golden hours,  
Has left my soul so dark and dead  
As winter's leafless bowers ;  
Oh, make me now myself to know,  
Unscale my blinded eye,  
And bid those blessed tears to flow,  
Which thine own hand will dry !

Let all old things be passed away  
With that old fruitless year,  
And make a new and glorious day  
My new-born soul to cheer.  
Let all things now be new to me,  
And teach me that new song,  
Which now thy children sing to Thee,  
And shall in heaven prolong.

## VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

WHAT strains of compassion are heard from above,  
Calling sinners to flee to the bosom of Love !  
'Tis the voice of the Saviour, who speaks from on high,  
'Turn, turn, ye poor wanderers, O why will ye die ?  
Turn, turn ere ye perish, for judgment is nigh.'

What a sweet invitation is heard from above,  
Calling children to fly to the bosom of Love !  
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd; how kind is its tone !  
'Come, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be  
flown ;  
I will take you, and bless you, and make you mine  
own.'

What accents of comfort are heard from above,  
Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love !  
'Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High-priest,  
'Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppressed,  
Come, and learning of me, your tired soul shall find  
rest.'

What songs of rejoicing are rising above,  
From the blest who repose in the bosom of Love !  
'Tis the voice of the ransomed ; how joyful the strain !  
'Glory, blessing, and power, to the Lamb that was  
slain,  
For he suffered for us, and with Him we shall reign.'

---

'REJOICE EVERMORE.'

CHILD of God and heir of glory,  
Wherefore should thy heart despond ?  
Set the joys of heaven before thee,  
Pierce the veil, and look beyond.

Brood not o'er this scene of sorrow,  
Think of all the hopes revealed ;  
From the *future* learn to borrow  
What the *present* cannot yield.

Let thy heart be ever cheerful,  
So thy soul shall still be strong ;  
To the timid and the fearful,  
Ne'er does victory belong.


What though clouds above thee hover !  
They shall soon be chased away ;  
And, dispersing, will discover  
All the glory of the day.

What though now the path thou treadest  
Be with grieving thorns beset !  
All the ills which *here* thou drest  
*Yonder* thou shalt soon forget.

---

## JOHN LONGMUIR, LL.D.

---

JOHN LONGMUIR was born, early in the century, in the vicinity of Cowie, Kincardineshire. He studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he graduated. In 1840, he was ordained pastor of Mariner's Church, Aberdeen—a sphere of ministerial usefulness which, notwithstanding many invitations to other portions of the vineyard, he continues to occupy. He is the author of two volumes of sacred



poetry, respectively entitled *Bible Lays* and *Ocean Lays*—the former of which contains a prefatory recommendation by the poet James Montgomery. Dr Longmuir has, for some years, been employed as a lecturer on natural science in connection with King's College, Aberdeen.

## THE BETHEL FLAG.

THE Bethel flag we raise  
To draw the sailor's eye,  
To lead him to the house of praise,  
And thence to bliss on high.  
Bethel, the house of God,  
Here may he deign to rest ;  
And by His Spirit, shed abroad  
His love in every breast.  
Star of the morning shine,  
Bright harbinger of day;  
Around us pour thy light divine,  
And shew the narrow way.  
Dove, with thine olive-leaf,  
Brood o'er this house in peace ;  
Give hope and joy for fear and grief,  
And bid our love increase.  
Free as from ocean's breast  
The breeze our flag unfurls;  
The Gospel offers sailors rest  
From sin's engulfing whirls.  
Ere they the shore forsake,  
In prayer may they unite,  
Thence their correct departure take,  
And keep our star in sight.

Far on the lonely deep,  
May they in Thee confide ;  
Oh, may Thine eye, unknown to sleep,  
Through every danger guide !

Returning, may they view  
This signal of Thy grace,  
And find, with joy, their bearings true,  
And join in thanks and praise !

---

#### THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

O wondrous morn ! when o'er the earth  
God said, ' Let there be light !'  
Exalted morn, whose radiant birth  
Was hailed by angels bright.

O joyous light ! meet emblem here  
Of Him who called thee forth ;  
Diffusing rapture o'er this sphere,  
From snowy south to north.

O beauteous light ! 'tis thine to fling  
All hues on low and high ;  
On crimson flower, and emerald wing,  
Green sea, and azure sky.

O *hopeful* light ! to darkest sky  
Thy glorious arch is given ;  
Desponding soul, with joy descry  
A way from earth to heaven !

Thee, *holy* light, nor steamy plains,  
Nor sparkling dew can taint !  
So pure our God, who yet sustains  
The sinner and the saint !

O living light ! more wondrous far,  
That gave man's spirit birth,  
More excellent than sun or star ;  
God's image left on earth.


But Satan, through the serpent's lips,  
Beguiled from Wisdom's path,  
Spread o'er the world this dread eclipse,  
This threatening cloud of wrath.

Oh make us, Sun of Righteousness,  
Victorious in the strife ;  
Then shall our grateful tongues confess  
JESUS, the Light of Life !

---

## FRANCES BROWN.

---

N esteemed female poet, Frances Brown was born on the 16th June 1818, at Stranorlar, Donegal, Ireland. From childhood she has laboured under the loss of sight, but has overcome some of the disadvantages of this severe deprivation by a singular ardour in the pursuit of knowledge. In 1844 she published a duodecimo volume of poems, entitled *The Star of Atteghai, The Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems*. Miss Brown is a contributor, both in prose and verse, to the leading periodicals. She enjoys a small pension on the civil-list.

## ALL THINGS NEW.

NEW Heavens !—for the stars grow pale  
With the midnight scenes of time !  
And the sun is weary of the wail  
That meets him in every clime ;  
And the sky grows dim with the mist of tears—  
Bring back the blue of its first bright years !

NEW Earth !—for the land and waves  
With a weight of evil groan ;  
And its dwellings stand on a soil of graves,  
Which fearful things hath known :—  
From the touch of fire, from the battle-stain,  
Give us its Eden green again !

NEW Law !—for 'tis the arm of wrong,  
And great hath been the cry,  
When oppressors' hands in their might grew strong,  
And their deeds have pierced the sky—  
But the powers are shaken—oh ! requite  
With the free, unchanging law of right !

NEW Faith !—for a voice of blood  
Hath been heard from every shrine,  
And the world hath worshipped many a god  
With rites it deemed divine :  
But the creeds grow old, and the fanes decay—  
Show us, at last, some better way !

NEW Hope !—for it rose among  
The thorns of a barren spot,  
Where the bloom is brief and the labour long,  
And the harvest cometh not—  
And hearts grow weary that watch and wait—  
Give them a rainbow that fears not fate !

New Love!—for it hath been cast  
On the troubled waters long,  
And hoped in visions vain, that passed  
Away like a night-bird's song:  
It may not be severed from the lost,  
But give us the young world's love uncrossed!

New Life!—give the summers back  
Whose glory passed in vain—  
Redeem our days from the shadow black,  
Of clouds without the rain;  
And the wastes which bitter waters were—  
And our canker-eaten years restore!


New Light!—for the lamps decay  
Which shone on the old-world's youth,  
And the wise man watches for a ray  
Of the undiscovered truth—  
Long hath he looked through the midnight dim—  
Let the glorious day-spring visit him!

Must the earth's last hope like a shadow flee?  
Was the dream of ages vain?  
Oh! when will the bright restoring be,  
And the glory come again  
Of the promised spring, with its blessed dew—  
And His word, that maketh all things new!



## R. C. TRENCH.

---

HE author of various philosophical and theological works of high repute, Richard Chevenix Trench was born in 1807. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he was ordained to the ministry in 1832. In 1845, he was appointed vicar of Itchen Stoke; and in 1856, was promoted to the Deanery of Westminster. Dean Trench has published several poetical works, these being respectively entitled *Justin Martyr*; *Poems from Eastern Sources*; *Elegiac Poems*; and *Alma*.

### SUFFERING.

O LIFE! O death! O world! O time!  
O grave! where all things flow,  
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,  
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,  
Though bosoms torn may be,  
Yet suffering is a holy thing,  
Without it, what were we?

---

### MORAVIAN HYMN.

WHERE is this infant? it is gone—  
To whom? to Christ its Saviour true.  
What does He for it? He goes on  
As He has ever done, to do.  
He blesses, He embraces, without end,  
And to all children proves the tenderest friend.

He loves to have the little ones  
Upon His lap, quite close and near;  
And thus their glass so swiftly runs,  
And they so little while are here;  
He gave—He takes them when He thinks it best  
For them to come to Him and take their rest.

However, 'tis a great delight  
Awhile to see such little princes,  
All dressed in linen fine and white,  
A beauty which escapes the senses;  
The pure Lamb dwells in them—His majesty  
Makes their sweet eyes to sparkle gloriously.

Be therefore thanked, thou dearest Lamb,  
That we this precious child have seen,  
And that thy blood and Jesus' name  
To it a glittering robe have been;  
We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast brought it home,  
That it so soon all dangers hath o'ercome.

Dear child, so live thou happily  
In Christ, who was thy faith's beginner;  
Rejoice in Him eternally,  
With each redeemed and happy sinner;  
We bury thee in hope—the Lamb once slain  
Will raise, and we shall see thee yet again.

---

#### DEATH.

WHERE thou hast touched, O wondrous death!  
Where thou hast come between,  
Lo! there for ever perisheth  
The common and the mean.


No little flaw, or trivial speck,  
Doth any more appear ;  
And cannot, from this time, to fleck  
Love's perfect image clear.

Clear stands love's perfect image now,  
And shall do evermore ;  
And we, in awe and wonder, bow  
The glorified before.

---

## ELIZA COOK.

---

 ELIZA COOK, the daughter of a tradesman in the borough of Southwark, near London, was born in the year 1817. Having gained considerable reputation, so early as her twentieth year, as a contributor to some of the London periodicals of the higher class, she was induced, in 1840, to publish a volume of verse, under the title of *Melaia, and other Poems*, which, four years later, was republished in New York. In September 1849 appeared the first number of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which stood deservedly high among cheap periodicals, and did much for the mental improvement of the people both of this country and America. She is also the author of many beautiful sacred pieces.



## 'WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.'

GRIEF is bitter o'er the dust,  
When we hear the churchyard knell ;  
But echoes of an upward trust  
Float around the tolling bell.  
Selfish, even in our love,  
Sorrow may become too deep,  
And Faith and Patience often prove  
The stroke is kind that bids us weep.  
Think, while mourning broken-hearted  
O'er the friends that cheered and blessed,  
We shall follow the departed,  
'Where the weary are at rest !'

It is well that we should sigh  
When the dark death-shadows fall ;  
But there 's an eternal sky  
Behind the tear-cloud of the pall.  
Though the hour of parting brings  
Anguish that we groan to hear,  
Hope, sweet bird of promise, sings  
In the yew tree of despair.  
Let us hearken while her story  
Whispers to the aching breast,  
'Those ye mourn are crowned with glory,  
Where the weary are at rest.'

## FAITH'S GUIDING-STAR.

WE find a glory in the flowers  
When snow-drops peep and hawthorn blooms ;  
We see fresh light in spring-time hours,  
And bless the radiance that illumines.  
The song of promise cheers with hope,  
That sin or sorrow cannot mar ;  
God's beauty fills the daisied slope,  
And keeps undimmed Faith's guiding-star.

We find a glory in the smile  
That lives in childhood's happy face,  
Ere fearful doubt or worldly guile  
Has swept away the angel trace.  
The ray of promise shineth there,  
To tell of better lands afar ;  
God sends His image, pure and fair,  
To keep undimmed Faith's guiding-star.

We find a glory in the zeal  
Of doting breast and toiling brain ;  
Affection's martyrs still will kneel,  
And song, though famished, pour its strain.  
They lure us by a quenchless light,  
And point where joy is holier far ;  
They shed God's spirit, warm and bright,  
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding-star.

We muse beside the rolling waves,  
We ponder on the grassy hill ;  
We linger by the new-piled graves,  
And find that star is shining still.  
God in his great design hath spread  
Unnumbered rays to lead afar,  
They beam the brightest o'er the dead,  
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding-star.

---

LET US GIVE THANKS.

LET us give thanks with grateful soul  
To Him who sendeth all ;  
To Him who bids the planets roll,  
And sees a 'sparrow fall.'  
Though grief and tears may dim our joys,  
And care and strife arrest,  
'Tis man, too often, that alloys  
The lot his Maker blessed ;

While sunshine lights the boundless sky,  
And dew-drops feed the sod ;  
While stars and rainbows live on high—  
Let us give thanks to God.

We till the earth in Labour's health,  
We plant the acorn cup ;  
The fields are crowned in golden wealth,  
The green tree springeth up ;  
The sweet, eternal waters gush  
From mountain and from vale ;  
The vineyards blush with purple flush,  
The yellow hop-leaves trail ;  
And while the harvest flings its gold,  
And cowslips deck the sod—  
While limpid streams are clear and cold,  
Let us give thanks to God.

The flower yields its odour breath,  
As gentle winds go past ;  
The grasshopper, that lurks beneath,  
Chirps merrily and fast ;  
The ringdove coos upon the spray,  
The lark's full anthems pour ;  
The bees start with a jocund lay,  
The waves sing on the shore :  
Hosannahs fill the wood and wild  
Where human step ne'er trod ;  
And nature, like an unweaned child,  
Smiles on its parent God.

Say, Brothers, shall the bird and bloom  
Thus teach, and teach in vain ?  
Shall all the love-rays that illumine  
Be lost in clouds of pain ?

Shall hearts be dead, and vision blind,  
To all that Mercy deals ?  
Shall Soul and Reason fail to find  
The shrine where instinct kneels ?  
Ah, no ! while glory lights the sky,  
And beauty paints the sod—  
While stars and rainbows live on high,  
Let us give thanks to God.

---

## A SABBATH-EVENING SONG.


God on earth ! and God in heaven !  
God ! who gave one day in seven  
Unto man that he might rest  
With thy mercy in his breast.  
God of Goodness ! I am kneeling  
In my spirit's deep revealing ;  
Fervently to give Thee praise  
For the peace of Sabbath-days.  
Glad and tranquil Thou hast made  
This soft hour of twilight shade,  
And I ask Thee, in Thy might,  
To be 'watchman of my night.'  
Let me thank Thee, let me own,  
At the footstool of Thy throne,  
All my grateful joy and love,  
Drawn from hopes that point above ;  
Let me lay my heart before Thee,  
And with holy trust implore Thee  
To forgive its human blot  
Gathered in its human lot.  
Listen, Father ! to my singing,  
Like a child to Thee I'm clinging ;  
If I wander, guide me right,  
Be Thou 'watchman of my night !'

Let me ask Thee, ere I sleep,  
To remember those who weep,  
Those who moan with some wild sorrow,  
That shall dread to meet the morrow ;  
Let me ask Thee to abide  
At the fainting sick one's side,  
Where the plaints of anguish rise  
In smothered groans and weary sighs ;  
Give them strength to brook and bear  
Trial pain, and trial care ;  
Let them see Thy saving light,  
Be Thou 'watchman of their night !'

God of mercy ! God of grace !  
Keep me worthy of my place ;  
Let my harpstrings ne'er be heard  
When they jar with Thy plain Word ;  
Should the world's fair pitfall take me,  
Father ! do not Thou forsake me ;  
Let repentance cleanse the stain,  
And call me back to truth again ;  
Father, Infinite and Just !  
Shine upon my path of dust,  
Lead me in the noontide light,  
And be Thou 'watchman of my night !'



## WILLIAM STIRLING

 HE only son of the late Archibald Stirling of Keir, the subject of this notice was born on the 8th of March 1818, at Kenmure, near Glasgow. His studies were prosecuted at Trinity College, Cambridge. From his youth devoted to literary pursuits, he printed privately, in 1846, a volume entitled *Songs of the Holy Land*, which was subsequently published in an enlarged form. Mr Stirling is well known as the author of *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, and *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* Since 1852, he has represented the county of Perth in Parliament.

### THE FORSAKEN VINE.

*Psalm lxxx.*

O THOU! who art the Shepherd of faithful Jacob's race,  
Dwelling between the cherubims in Zion's holy place,  
Who leddest Joseph like a flock, shine forth upon the night,  
Of Israel's shame and sorrow, in the fulness of Thy might!  
From Egypt Thou didst bring, of old, a goodly vine and fair,  
And quick'ning soil her roots around didst lovingly prepare;  
The heathen nations casting forth, with unrelenting hand,  
That deep and broad her growth might be, and fill the strangers' land.

O'er breezy hill and blooming dale, a giant shade she  
threw,  
Her boughs, with gladd'ning clusters hung, like  
mighty cedars grew;  
She spread where bounteous Jordan rolls his tide  
along the plain,  
And westward stretched her arms abroad unto the  
sounding main.  
O why hast Thou forsaken now Thine own beloved  
vine ?  
Why hath Thy dew forgot to fall, Thy gracious sun to  
shine ?  
Why are her hedges broken, and her purple branches  
fair  
By forest boar's remorseless tusk, all wasted now and  
bare ?  
Lord ! to Thy vineyard turn again, and leave it not  
forlorn,  
Thy people's shame, the stranger's prey, the mocking  
heathen's scorn;  
The vine Thou madest strong of old, Thou hast  
afflicted sore,  
O cause Thy face to shine again, rebuke our sin no  
more.

---

## THE KEEPER OF ISRAEL.

*Psalm cxxi.*

To the everlasting mountains I lift my weary eyes,  
O whence for me, in trouble, shall hope and help  
arise ?  
From mountain nor from valley shall help to thee be  
given,  
Thy hope is in Jehovah, who made the earth and  
heaven.

Thy foot shall never stumble, for He thy way shall  
keep,  
His loving eye beholds thee, it hath no need of sleep;  
Thy keeper ne'er shall slumber, so be not thou afraid,  
His presence is around thee, for solace and for shade.  
The fierce sun shall not smite thee at burning noon  
of day,  
The moon shall not affright thee with pale deceiving  
ray;  
In thy coming and thy going shall evil harm thee  
never,  
Jehovah is thy keeper, for ever and for ever.

---

THE RESTORING OF ZION.

*Isaiah* xlix., lii., liv., lx. ; *Zechariah* viii., ix., x.

Ho ! Zion, awake, and come forth like a bride,  
Ho ! Salem, put on thine apparel of pride ;  
Shake the bonds from thy neck, and the dust from  
thine hair,  
For the dayspring hath dawned on thy night of despair.  
The bloom of thy cheek, and the grace of thy form,  
No more shall be faded and marred by the storm ;  
No more shall thy soul, that was desolate, know  
The barren one's shame, and the widowed one's woe.  
When Jehovah was wroth with the spouse of his love,  
There was darkness around thee, and terror above ;  
Yet His ire and His frown but a moment endure,  
Whose mercy is swift, whose remembrance is sure.  
Thy wounds He shall heal, and thy breaches repair,  
And fill thee with all that is holy and fair,  
And the mansions and bowers of thy beauty unfold,  
With ramparts of sapphire, and portals of gold.



When the bolts of His wrath on thy spoilers descend,  
Not the sceptre of Pharaoh shall Egypt defend ;  
The long line of Assur in dust shall expire,  
With the valour of Gath, and the wisdom of Tyre.

But the branch of thy people shall flourish anew,  
Still cheered by His sun, and refreshed by His dew ;  
In the vale shall thine olives their fatness distil,  
And the blush of thy vintage empurple the hill.

The forest shall bloom, and the wilderness sing,  
Where sprang the rough brier, sweet myrtle shall spring,  
Deep harvests shall mantle thy waterless wolds,  
And the flocks of Nebaioth replenish thy folds.

The glory of Lebanon's grove shall be thine,  
The cedar's broad crest, and the strength of the pine,  
That thy temple again may resplendent arise,  
And the smoke of thine altars stream up to the skies.

For thee the fleet camels of Dedan shall haste,  
With incense and myrrh, o'er the sand of the waste ;  
The white sails of Tarshish shall waft unto thee  
The gold of the isles, and the gems of the sea.

From the lands of the stranger, from bondage and wrong,  
Thy children, redeemed, to thy bosom shall throng ;  
O'er the hills of the north, o'er the waves of the west,  
With songs shall they come to their haven of rest.

Then the days of thy mourning for ever shall cease.  
And thy brows shall be bound with the garland of peace ;  
For the angel of truth at thy gate shall keep ward,  
And thy holiness shine in the light of the Lord.

Edinburgh :

Printed by WILLIAM GRANT, 52 West Register Street.

H0530

GOSHEN COLLEGE - GOOD LIBRARY



3 9310 01015241 9



